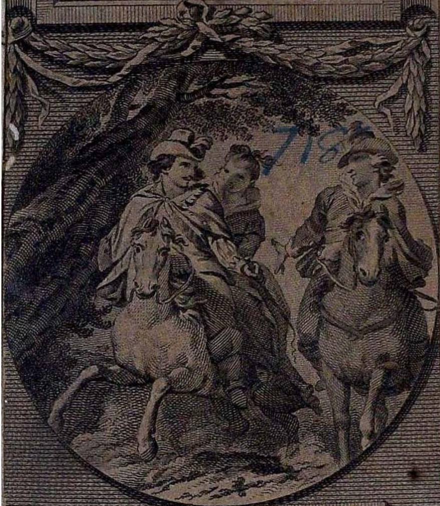
BELL'S EDITION,

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



DONNE VOLUME III.

To get acquaintance with him I began
to ſort diſcourſe

ted for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the Strand London Augt. 17th. 1779.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muſe,
Who to thy one all other brains refuſe;
Whoſe ev'ry work of thy moſt early wit
Came forth example, and remain ſo yet;
Longer a-knowing than moſt wits do live,
And which no'affection praiſe enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, beſt life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a ſtrife;
All which I mean to praiſe, and yet I would,
But leave becauſe I cannot as I ſhould.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SA... MAHAL.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF 718

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

ELEGIES, FUNERAL ELEGIES, LETTERS, &c.

I will not draw the envy to engrofs
All thy perfections, or weep all our lofs;
Thofe are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be exprefs'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen fhould fhare a diftinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the reft; it fhall fuffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incife:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The univerfal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both thofe the beft,
Apollo's firft, at laft the true God's prieft.

THO. CARY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

ELEGIE I. JEALOUSIE.

FOND woman! which wouldſt have thy huſband die,
[illegible]d yet complain'ſt of his great Jealouſie:
[illegible] ſw[illegible]h poyſon he lay in his laſt bed,
His b[illegible] a ſere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath as thick and ſhort as can
The nimbleſt crocheting muſician,
Ready with loathſom vomiting to ſpue
His ſoul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging [illegible]th few feign'd tears great legacies,
Thou would[illegible] not weep, but jolly' and frolick be,
As a ſlave which to-morrow ſhould be free;
Yet weep'ſt thou when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane Jealouſy.
O! give him many thanks, he 's courteous,
That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us:
We muſt not, as we us'd, flout openly
In ſcoffing riddles his deformity;
Nor, at his board together being ſate
With words, nor touch, ſcarce looks adulterate:
Nor when he, ſwoln and pamper'd with high fare,
Sits down and ſnorts, cag'd in his baſket-chair,

Muſt we uſurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiſs and play in his houſe as before.
Now do I ſee my danger, for it is
His realm, his caſtle, and his dioceſe.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themſelves exile
Into another country', and do it there)
We play' in another's houſe, what ſhould we fear?
There will we ſcorn his houſhold policies,
His ſilly plots and penſionary ſpies;
As the inhabitants of Thames' right ſide
Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride.

ELEGIE II. THE ANAGRAM.

Marry and love thy Flavia, for ſhe
Hath all things whereby others beauteous be;
For tho' her eyes be ſmall her mouth is great;
Tho' theirs be ivory, yet her teeth be jeat;
Tho' they be dim, yet ſhe is light enough.
And tho' her harſh hair's foul, her ſkin is rough.
What tho' her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red;
Give her thine, and ſhe hath a maidenhead.
Theſe things are beauty's elements; where theſe
Meet in one, that one muſt, as perfect, pleaſe.
If red and white, and each good quality,
Be in thy wench, ne'er aſk where it doth lie.

In buying things perfum'd, we aſk if there
Be muſk and amber in it, but not where.
Tho' all her parts be not in th' uſual place,
She' hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words what could we ſay?
When by the gamut ſome muſicians make
A perfect ſong, others will undertake,
By the ſame gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things ſimply good can never be unfit;
She's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then ſhe is ſingular.
All love is wonder: if we juſtly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty ſoon as beauty dies:
Chuſe this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like thoſe which fell to worſe; but ſuch as ſhe,
Like to good angels, nothing can impair:
'Tis leſs grief to be foul than to' have been fair.
For one night's revels ſilk and gold we chuſe,
But in long journies cloth and leather uſe.
Beauty is barren oft'; beſt huſbands ſay
There is beſt land where there is fouleſt way.
Oh! what a ſoveraign plaiſter will ſhe be,
If thy paſt ſins have taught thee jealouſie!
Here needs no ſpies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmoſit.

Like Belgia's cities, when the country drowns,
That dirty foulnefs guards and arms the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and fo for thee
Who, forc'd by bus'nefs, abfent oft' muft be:
She, whofe face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the fea, makes Moors feem white;
Whom, tho' feven years fhe in the ftews had laid,
A nunnery durft receive, and think a maid;
And tho' in childbirth's labour fhe did lie,
Midwives would fwear 't were but a tympany;
Whom, if fhe' accufe herfelf, I credit lefs
Than witches, which impoffibles confefs.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fitteft were;
For things in fafhion every man will wear.

ELEGIE III. CHANGE.

Altho' thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have feal'd thy love, which nothing fhould undoe,
Yea, tho' thou fall back, that apoftafie
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are, like the arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to' all fearchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another fowler, ufing thofe means as I,
May catch the fame bird; and, as thefe things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.

Foxes, goats, and all beasts, change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter to' endure than men?
They 're our cloggs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a gally, yet the gally 's free.
Who hath a plow-land casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear.
Tho' Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
By Nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'st, but, oh! canst thou love it and me?
Likeness glews love; and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love must I change too?
More than thy hate I hate it; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft' as she;
And so not teach, but force my' opinion
To love not any one nor every one.
To live in one land is captivity;
To run all countries a wild roguery.
Waters stink soon if in one place they' abide,
And in the vast sea are more purify'd:
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest. Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGIE IV. THE PERFUME.

ONCE, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy ſuppoſed 'ſcapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar is queſtion'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So am I (by this traiterous means ſurpriz'd)
By thy hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Tho' he had wont to ſearch with glazed eyes,
As tho' he came to kill a cockatrice;
Tho' he hath oft' ſworn that he would remove
Thy beautie's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were ſeen,
Yet cloſe and ſecret as our ſouls we 've been.
Tho' thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to ſleep out day-light,
And watch thy entries and returns all night;
And when ſhe takes thy hand, and would ſeem kind,
Doth ſearch what rings and armlets ſhe can find;
And, kiſſing, notes the colour of thy face,
And, fearing leſt thou 'rt ſwoln, doth thee embrace;
And, to try if thou long, doth name ſtrange meats,
And notes thy paleneſs, bluſhes, ſighs, and ſweats,
And politiquely will to thee confeſs
The ſins of her own youth's rank luſtineſs;

Yet love theſe ſorc'ries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren which, like fairy ſprights,
Oft' ſkipt into our chamber thoſe ſweet nights,
And, kiſs'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day to tell what they did ſee;
The grim eight-foot high iron-bound ſerving-man,
That oft' names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the firſt gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Coloſſus ſtride,
Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, becauſe he muſt be there:
Tho' by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witneſs any touch or kiſs.
But, oh! too common ill, I brought with me
That which betray'd me to mine enemy;
A loud Perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
Ev'n at thy father's noſe, ſo were we ſpy'd.
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch ſhivered;
Had it been ſome bad ſmell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the ſmell had wrought:
But as we in our iſle impriſoned,
Where cattle only' and divers dogs are bred,
The precious unicorns ſtrange monſters call,
So thought he ſweet ſtrange that had none at all.
I taught my ſilks their whiſtling to forbear,
Ev'n my oppreſt ſhooes dumb and ſpeechleſs were;

Only thou bitter ſweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traiterouſly haſt betray'd,
And unſuſpected haſt inviſibly
At once fled unto him and ſtay'd with me.
Baſe excrement of earth, which doſt confound
Senſe from diſtinguiſhing the ſick from ſound;
By thee the ſilly amorous ſucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee the greateſt ſtain to man's eſtate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Tho' you be much lov'd in the prince's hall,
There things that ſeem exceed ſubſtantial.
Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Becauſe you're burnt, not that they lik'd your ſmell.
You're loathſome all, being ta'en ſimply alone;
Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth ſoon decay,
And you are rare that takes the good away.
All my Perfumes I give moſt willingly
T'embalm thy father's corſe; what? will he dye?

ELEGIE V. HIS PICTURE.

Here, take my Picture; tho' I bid farewell:
Thine in my heart, where my ſoul dwells, ſhall dwell;
'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 't will be more,
When we are ſhadows both, than 't was before.

When weather-beaten I come back, my hand,
Perhaps, with rude oars torn, or ſun-beams tann'd;
My face and breaſt of hair-cloth, and my head
With care's harſh ſuddain hoarineſs o'erſpread;
My body' a ſack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue ſtains ſcatter'd on my ſkin;
If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man
So foul and coarſe as, oh! I may ſeem then,
This ſhall ſay what I was; and thou ſhalt ſay,
Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love leſs what he did love to ſee?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk which in Love's childiſh ſtate
Did nurſe it, who now is grown ſtrong enough
To feed on that which to weak taſtes ſeems tough.

ELEGIE VI.

OH! let me not ſerve ſo as thoſe men ſerve
Whom honour's ſmoaks at once flatter and ſtarve:
Poorly enricht with great men's words or looks,
Nor ſo write my name in thy loving books,
As thoſe idolatrous flatterers, which ſtill
Their prince's ſtiles which many names fulfill,
Whence they no tribute have, and bear no ſway.
Such ſervices I offer as ſhall pay

Themſelves; I hate dead names: oh! then let me
Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite, be.
When my ſoul was in her own body ſheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kiſſes breath'd
Into my purgatory, faithleſs thee,
Thy heart ſeem'd wax, and ſteel thy conſtancy:
So careleſs flowers, ſtrow'd on the water's face,
The curled whirlpools ſuck, ſmack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; ſo the taper's beamy eye,
Amorouſly twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
Yet burns his wings; and ſuch the devil is,
Scarce viſiting them who're entirely his.
When I behold a ſtream, which from the ſpring
Doth, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a ſpeechleſs ſlumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channel's boſom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and ſwell, if any bough
Do but ſtoop down to kiſs her utmoſt brow;
Yet if her often gnawing kiſſes win
The traiterous banks to gape and let her in,
See ruſheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long kept courſe,
And roars and braves it, and in gallant ſcorn,
In flattering eddies promiſing return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then ſay I that is ſhe, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterneſs beget
Careleſs deſpair in me, for that will whet

My mind to ſcorn; and, oh! Love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er ſo wiſe nor well arm'd as Diſdain.
Then with new eyes I ſhall ſurvey and ſpy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkneſs in thine eye.
Tho' hope breed faith and love, thus taught, I ſhall,
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;
My hate ſhall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance; and when I
Am the recuſant, in that reſolute ſtate
What hurts it me to be' excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII.

NATURE's lay ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that ſophiſtry, oh! how thou doſt prove
Too ſubtile! Fool, thou didſt not underſtand
The myſtique language of the eye nor hand;
Nor couldſt thou judge the diff'rence of the air
Of ſighs, and ſay this lies, this ſounds deſpair;
Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
Deſperately hot, or changing feverouſly.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, deviſefully being ſet
And bound up, might, with ſpeechleſs ſecrecy,
Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
Remember, ſince all thy words us'd to be
To ev'ry ſuitor, "I, if my friends agree;"

Since houſhold charms thy huſband's name to teach
Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach;
And ſince an hour's diſcourſe could ſcarce have made
One anſwer in thee, and that ill array'd
In broken proverbs and torn ſentences,
Thou art not by ſo many duties his
(That from the world's common having ſever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be ſeen nor ſee)
As mine; who have, with amorous delicacies,
Refin'd thee into' a bliſsful Paradiſe.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be;
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
Which, oh! ſhall ſtrangers taſte? muſt I, alas!
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glaſs?
Chafe wax for others' ſeals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then, being made a ready horſe?

ELEGIE VIII. THE COMPARISON.

As the ſweet ſweat of roſes in a ſtill,
As that which from chaf'd muſk-cats' pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of th' early Eaſt,
Such are the ſweat-drops of my miſtreſs' breaſt;
And on her neck her ſkin ſuch luſtre ſets,
They ſeem no ſweat-drops, but pearl coronets.
Rank ſweaty froth thy miſtreſs' brow defiles,
Like ſpermatique iſſue of ripe menſtruous boyles,

Or like the ſkum which, by need's lawleſs law
Enforc'd, Sanſerra's ſtarved men did draw
From parboyl'd ſhooes and boots, and all the reſt,
Which were with any ſoveraign fatneſs bleſt;
And like vile ſtones lying in ſaffron'd tin,
Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her ſkin.
Round as the world's her head, on ev'ry ſide
Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide;
Or that whereof God had ſuch jealouſy,
As for the raviſhing thereof we dye.
Thy head is like a rough-hewn ſtatue of jeat,
Where marks for eyes, noſe, mouth, are yet ſcarce ſet;
Like the firſt chaos, or flat-ſeeming face
Of Cynthia, when th' earth's ſhadows her embrace;
Like Proſerpine's white beauty-keeping cheſt,
Or Jove's beſt fortune's urn, is her fair breaſt.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in ſeal's ſkin,
Or grave, that's duſt without and ſtink within;
And like that ſlender ſtalk, at whoſe end ſtands
The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands;
Like rough-bark'd elm-boughs, or the ruſſet ſkin
Of men late ſcourg'd for madneſs or for ſin;
Like ſun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd ſkin's lamentable ſtate;
And like a bunch of ragged carrets ſtand
The ſhort ſwoln fingers of thy miſtreſs' hand.
Then like the chymick's maſculine equal fire,
Which in the limbeck's warm womb doth inſpire

Into th' earth's worthlefs dirt a foul of gold,
Such cherifhing heat her beft-lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds; or like to that Ætna,
Where, round about, the grafs is burnt away.
Are not your kiffes then as filthy, and more,
As a worm fucking an invenom'd fore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers ftill fears a fnake?
Is not your laft act harfh and violent,
As when a plough a ftony ground doth rent?
So kifs good turtles, fo devoutly nice
A prieft is in his handling facrifice,
And nice in fearching wounds the furgeon is,
As we when we embrace, or touch, or kifs.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus;
She and Comparifons are odious.

ELEGIE IX. THE AUTUMNAL.

No fpring nor fummer's beauty hath fuch grace
As I have feen in one Autumnal face.
Young beauties force our loves, and that's a rape;
This doth but counfel, yet you cannot 'fcape.
If 't were a fhame to love, here 't were no fhame;
Affections here take Reverence's name.

Were her firſt years the golden age; that's true,
But now ſhe 's gold oft' try'd, and ever new:
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable tropique clime.
Fair eyes! who aſks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wiſhes peſtilence.
Call not theſe wrinkles graves: if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, or elſe he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth ſit
Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorit;
And here, till her's, which muſt be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he; tho' he ſojourn ev'ry where
In progreſs, yet his ſtanding houſe is here;
Here, where ſtill evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuouſneſs, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils, ſit.
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes ſeaſonableſt when our taſte
And appetite to other things is paſt.
Xerxes' ſtrange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being ſo old as ſhe,
Or elſe becauſe, being young, Nature did bleſs
Her youth with age's glory, barrenneſs.
If we love things long ſought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compaſſing;

If tranſitory things, which ſoon decay,
Age muſt be lovelieſt at the lateſt day.
But name not winter-faces, whoſe ſkin 's ſlack,
Lank as an unthrift's purſe, but a ſoul's ſack;
Whoſe eyes ſeek light within; for all here 's ſhade;
Whoſe mouthes are holes, rather worn out than made;
Whoſe every tooth to a ſeveral place is gone
To vex the ſoul at reſurrection:
Name not theſe living death-heads unto me,
For theſe not ancient but antique be.
I hate extreams; yet I had rather ſtay
With tombs than cradles to wear out the day.
Since ſuch Love's natural ſtation is, may ſtill
My love deſcend, and journey down the hill;
Not panting after growing beauties; ſo
I ſhall ebb on with them who homeward go.

ELEGIE X. THE DREAM.

Image of her whom I love more than ſhe
Whoſe fair impreſſion in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their ſtamps impart
The value; go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppreſs weak ſpirits, and our ſenſe
Strong objects dull; the more, the leſs we ſee.

When you are gone, and Reafon gone with you,
Then Fantafie is queen, and foul and all;
She can prefent joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I Dream I have you, I have you;
For all our joys are but fantaftical;
And fo I 'fcape the pain, for pain is true;
And fleep, which locks up fenfe, doth lock out all.
After fuch a fruition I fhall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing fhall repent;
And fhall to Love more thankful fonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were fpent.
But, deareft heart! and, dearer image! ftay;
Alas! true joys at beft are Dreams enough;
Tho' you ftay here you pafs too faft away,
For even at firft life's taper is a fnuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart than ideot with none.

ELEGIE XI. DEATH.

Language! thou art too narrow and too weak
To eafe us now; great forrows cannot fpeak.
If we could figh out accents and weep words,
Grief wears and leffens that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the lefs they feem, the more they are;
(So guiltieft men ftand muteft at the bar)

Not that they know not, feel not, their eſtate;
But extream ſenſe hath made them deſperate.
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
Tyrant i' the fifth and greateſt monarchy,
Was 't that ſhe did poſſeſs all hearts before
Thou haſt kill'd her, to make thy empire more?
Knew'ſt thou ſome would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge periſh th' innocent?
Was 't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou muſt raze it too, that was undone?
Hadſt thou ſtay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies;
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin.
She was too saphirine and clear for thee;
Clay, flint, and jeat, now thy fit dwellings be.
Alas! ſhe was too pure, but not too weak;
Whoe'er ſaw cryſtal ordnance but would break?
And if we be thy conqueſt, by her fall
Thou' haſt loſt thy end, in her we periſh all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
That know her better now who knew her well.
If we ſhould vapour out, and pine and dye,
Since ſhe firſt went, that were not miſery:
She chang'd our world with her's; now ſhe is gone,
Mirth and proſperity 's oppreſſion:
For of all moral virtues ſhe was all
That ethicks ſpeak of virtues Cardinal.

Her ſoul was Paradiſe: the cherubin
Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin:
She had no more than let in Death, for we
All reap conſumption from one fruitful tree.
God took her hence, leſt ſome of us ſhould love
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
And when we tears, he mercy ſhed in this,
To raiſe our minds to heav'n, where now ſhe is;
Whom if her virtues would have let her ſtay,
We' had had a ſaint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that ſtrange buſh, where ſacred fire,
Religion, did not conſume, but inſpire
Such piety, ſo chaſte uſe of God's day,
That what we turn'd to feaſt ſhe turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taſte,
The reſt of her high Sabbath, which ſhall laſt.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell;
(For ſhe was of that order whence moſt fell)
Her body 's left with us, leſt ſome had ſaid
She could not die, except they ſaw her dead:
For from leſs virtue and leſs beauteouſneſs
The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddeſſes:
The ravenous earth, that now wooes her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree
That wraps that cryſtal in a wooden tomb,
Shall be took up ſpruce, fill'd with diamond;
And we her ſad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a Stoick's heart.

ELEGIE XII.

Upon the loſs of his miſtreſs's chain, for which he made ſatisfaction.

Not that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armelets of that thou may'ſt ſtill let me wear;
Nor that thy hand it oft' embrac'd and kiſt,
For ſo it had that good which oft' I miſt;
Nor for that ſilly old morality,
That as theſe links were knit our loves ſhould be,
Mourn I, that I thy ſevenfold chain have loſt;
Nor for the luck's ſake, but the bitter coſt.
O! ſhall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile ſolder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have ſtray'd or gone
From the firſt ſtate of their creation;
Angels which Heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, t' appeaſe old enemies,
To comfort my ſoul when I lie or riſe;
Shall theſe twelve innocents, by thy ſevere
Sentence, (dread Judge!) my ſins great burthen bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And puniſht for offences not their own?
They ſave not me, they do not eaſe my pains,
When in that hell they 're burnt and ty'd in chains;

Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
For moſt of them their natural country rot
I think poſſeſſeth; they come here to us
So pale, ſo lame, ſo lean, ſo ruinous;
And howſoe'er French kings Moſt Chriſtian be,
Their crowns are circumcis'd moſt Jewiſhly;
Or were they Spaniſh ſtamps, ſtill travelling,
That are become as catholique as their king,
Thoſe unlickt bear-whelps, unfil'd piſtolets,
That (more than cannon-ſhot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of ſome dread conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as theſe do Juſtice, from her courſe;
Which, as the ſoul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As ſtreams like veins run thro' th' earth's ev'ry part,
Viſit all countries, and have ſlily made
Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no ſtate, proud in one day,
And mangled ſeventeen-headed Belgia:
Or were it ſuch gold as that wherewithal
Almighty chimiques from each mineral,
Having by ſubtile fire a ſoul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and deſperately gull'd;
I would not ſpit to quench the fire they 're in,
For they are guilty of much hainous ſin.
But ſhall my harmleſs angels periſh? ſhall
I loſe my guard, my eaſe, my food, my all?

Much hope, which they ſhould nouriſh, will be dead;
Much of my able youth and luſty head
Will vaniſh, if thou, Love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me leſs when they are gone;
And be content that ſome loud ſqueaking cryer,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar thro' every ſtreet,
And gall the finder's conſcience if they meet:
Or let me creep to ſome dread conjurer,
That with phantaſtique ſcenes fills full much paper;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murd'rers, ſtuft his [rents
So full, that tho' he paſs them all in ſin,
He leaves himſelf no room to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is ſpent,
He ſay 't will ne'er be found, yet be content,
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Becauſe he is the mouth of Deſtiny.
Thou ſay'ſt (alas!) the gold doth ſtill remain,
Tho' it be chang'd, and put into a Chain;
So in the firſt faln angels reſteth ſtill
Wiſdom and knowledge, but 't is turn'd to ill:
As theſe ſhould do good works, and ſhould provide
Neceſſities, but now muſt nurſe thy pride;
And they are ſtill bad angels; mine are none;
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity theſe angels yet; their dignities
Paſs Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
Good souls! (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels! (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone;
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.
But, oh! thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach contain
Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain;
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.
May all the evils that gold ever wrought,
All mischief that all devils ever thought,

Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,
The plague of travailers, love and marriage,
Afflict thee; and at thy life's laſt moment
May thy ſwoln ſins themſelves to thee preſent.
  But I forgive: repent, thou honeſt man!
Gold is reſtorative, reſtore it then;
But if that from it thou beeſt loth to part,
Becauſe 'tis cordial, would 't were at thy heart.

ELEGIE XIII.

COME, Fates! I fear you not: all whom I owe
Are paid but you: then 'reſt me ere I go.
But Chance from you all ſoveraignty hath got;
Love wounded none but thoſe whom Death dares not:
True if you were and juſt in equity,
I ſhould have vanquiſh'd her as you did me,
Elſe lovers ſhould not brave death's pains and live:
But 't is a rule, Death comes not to relieve:
Or pale and wan death's terrours, are they laid
So deep in lovers they make Death afraid?
Or (the leaſt comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love death as well as me?
  Yes, Fates do ſilk unto her diſtaff pay
For ranſome, which tax they on us do lay.
Love gives her youth, which is the reaſon why
Youths, for her ſake, ſome wither and ſome die.

Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her ſake
Still in her turn he doth a lover take:
And if Death ſhould prove falſe ſhe fears him not;
Our Muſes to redeem her ſhe hath got.
That fatal night we laſt kiſs'd I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus deſpair'd, I ſhould have ſaid)
Kiſſes, and yet deſpair. The forbid tree
Did promiſe (and deceive) no more than ſhe:
Like lambs that ſee their teats and muſt eat hay,
A food whoſe taſte hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou ſaw'ſt bliſs, and crav'dſt to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were ſuch.
Here grief wants a freſh wit, for mine being ſpent,
And my ſighs weary, groans are all my rent.
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus till dry tears ſolder mine eyes I weep,
And then I dream how you ſecurely ſleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may: he pities my ſtate,
But ſays I therein no revenge ſhall find;
The ſun would ſhine tho' all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love ſhew'd me your tear,
And I had dy'd had not your ſmile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your ſmile is my wealth,
And as you pleaſe to look I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he ſaw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiſs:

That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave ſtrength,
And what is loſt in force is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you ſo,
That his compaſſion ſtill prov'd greater woe;
For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durſt not feel, for fear 't ſhould not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been;
The queen of Chaſtity was naked ſeen:
And in bed not to feel the pain I took
Was more than for Actæon not to look;
And that breaſt, which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearneſs, from a lump of ſnow.

ELEGIE XIV.

HIS PARTING FROM HER.

Since ſhe muſt go and I muſt mourn, come, Night!
Environ me with darkneſs whilſt I write;
Shadow that hell unto me which alone
I am to ſuffer when my love is gone.
Alas! the darkeſt magick cannot do it,
And that great hell to boot are ſhadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus! and each ſtar,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are;
I could lend them obſcureneſs now, and ſay
Out of myſelf: there ſhould be no more day:
Such is already myſelf-want of ſight,
Did not the fire within me force a light.

Oh, Love! that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,
Or to thy triumphs ſuch ſtrange torments fixt!
Is't becauſe thou thyſelf art blind, that we,
Thy martyrs, muſt no more each other ſee?
Or tak'ſt thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel?
Or have we left undone ſome mutual right,
That thus with parting thou ſeek'ſt us to ſpight?
No, no: the fault is mine; impute it to me,
Or rather to conſpiring Deſtiny,
Which (ſince I lov'd) for me before decreed
That I ſhould ſuffer when I lov'd indeed;
And therefore ſooner now than I can ſay
I ſaw the golden fruit 't is wrapt away:
Or as I had watcht one drop in the vaſt ſtream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love! thou 'rt blinder than thyſelf in this,
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiſs,
And where one ſad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Juſtice doth, when favourites fall,
Strike them, their houſe, their friends, their favourites, all.
Was't not enough that thou didſt dart thy fires
Into our bloods, inflaming our deſires,
And mad'ſt us ſigh, and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thyſelf into our flames didſt turn?
Was't not enough that thou didſt hazard us
To paths in love ſo dark and dangerous,

And thofe fo ambuſh'd round with houſhold ſpies,
And over all thy huſband's tow'ring eyes
Inflam'd with th' ugly ſweat of jealouſy,
Yet went we not ſtill on in conſtancy?
Have we for this kept guards, like ſpy o'er ſpy?
Had correſpondence whilſt the foe ſtood by?
Stoln (more to ſweeten them) our many bliſſes
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kiſſes?
Shadow'd with negligence our beſt reſpects?
Varied our language thro' all dialects
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the ſecrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
And after all this paſſed Purgatory,
Muſt ſad divorce make us the vulgar ſtory?
Firſt let our eyes be rivited quite thro'
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms claſp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may ſtick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, ſhould ſuch a miſchief do.
Oh, Fortune! thou 'rt not worth my leaſt exclaim,
And plague enough thou haſt in thy own name:
Do thy great worſt, my friends and I have arms,
Tho' not againſt thy ſtrokes, againſt thy harms:

Rend us in ſunder, thou canſt not divide
Our bodies ſo, but that our ſouls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters ſtill and gifts,
Andthoughts, and dreams: Love never wanteth ſhifts.
I will not look upon the quick'ning ſun,
But ſtraight her beauty to my ſenſe ſhall run;
The air ſhall note her ſoft, the fire moſt pure,
Waters ſuggeſt her clear, and the earth ſure;
Time ſhall not loſe our paſſages; the ſpring,
How freſh our love was in the beginning;
The ſummer, how it inripened the year;
And autumn, what our golden harveſts were:
The winter I'll not think on to ſpite thee,
But count it a loſt ſeaſon, ſo ſhall ſhe.
And, deareſt Friend! ſince we muſt part, drown night
With hope of day; burthens well borne are light.
The cold and darkneſs longer hang ſomewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the ſphere;
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in maſs, and ſo we may.
Be ever then yourſelf, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty; ſo
Declare yourſelf baſe Fortune's enemy;
No leſs be your contempt than her inconſtancy;
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this, to th' comfort of my dear I vow,
My deeds ſhall ſtill be what my deeds are now;

The poles ſhall move to teach me ere I ſtart,
And when I change my love I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my deſire,
Think heav'n hath motion loſt, and the world fire
Much more I could; but many words have made
That oft' ſuſpected which men moſt perſwade:
Take therefore all in this; I love ſo true,
As I will never look for leſs in you.

ELEGIE XV. JULIA.

HARK, news: O Envy! thou ſhalt hear deſcry'd
My Julia, who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
To vomit gall in ſlander, ſwell her veins
With calumny, that hell itſelf diſdains,
Is her continual practice, does her beſt,
To tear opinion ev'n out of the breaſt
Of deareſt friends, and (which is worſe than vile)
Sticks jealouſie in wedlock. Her own child
'Scapes not the ſhow'rs of envy. To repeat
The monſtrous faſhions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation. Would to God ſhe were
But half ſo loth to act vice as to hear
My mild reproof! Liv'd Mantuan now again,
That female maſtix to limn with his pen,
This ſhe Chymera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, (anger feeds deſire)

Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus,
That blasts the springs, tho' ne'er so prosperous:
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
The food of others than herself to fill.
But, oh! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
Of former curses, projects unmade-up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Mishapen cavils, palpable untruths,
Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths:
These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,
Throng in her bosom for creation.
I blush to give her half her due; yet say
No poyson 's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGIE XVI.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave,
Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
Officer, jugler, or justice of peace,
Juror or judge; I touch no fat sow's grease;
I am no libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are too many:

I fear not *Ore tenus*, for my tale
Nor count nor counfellor will red or pale.
A Citizen and his Wife the other day,
Both riding on one horfe, upon the way
I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat:
I faw the lech'rous Citizen turn back
His head, and on his Wife's lip fteal a fmack;
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before to kifs his Wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began,
And fort difcourfe fit for fo fine a man.
I afk'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
Afk'd if the cuftom-farmers held out ftill?
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffique of the midland feas had marr'd?
Whether the Britain Burfe did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange difgrace?
Of new-built Aldgate and the Moore-field croffes,
Of ftore of bankrupts and poor merchants' loffes,
I urged him to fpeak: but he (as mute
As an old courtier worn to his laft fuit)
Replies with only Yeas and Nays. At laft
(To fit his element) my theam I caft
On tradefmen's gains: that fet his tongue a-going.
Alas! good Sir, (quoth he) there is no doing
In court nor city now. She fmil'd, and I,
And (in my confcience) both gave him the lie

In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the present times with ſuch a face
He rail'd as fray'd me; for he gave no praiſe
To any but my Lord of Eſſex's days;
Call'd thoſe the Age of Action. True, (quoth he)
There 's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For put to puſh of pay away they run:
Our only city-trades of hope now are
Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore, and ſcrivener;
The much of priviledg'd kinſmen, and the ſtore
Of freſh protections make the reſt all poor:
In the firſt ſtate of their creation
Tho' many ſtoutly ſtand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-maſter. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage: ſo void of reaſon
Seem'd his harſh talk, I ſwate for fear of treaſon.
And (troth) how could I leſs? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wiſe Lord Mayor
And his wiſe brethren's worſhips, when one prayeth,
He ſwore that none could ſay Amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright ſign of a lov'd and well-try'd inn,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him ſtay
To take ſome due refreſhment by the way.

Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
And at his return found nothing but a rope;
So he on me: refus'd, and made away,
Tho' willing ſhe pleaded a weary day:
I found my miſs, ſtruck hands, and pray'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance ſtill) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the ſtreet, promis'd the wine;
But his kind wiſe gave me the very ſign.

ELEGIE XVII.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it ſtrong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed pureſt air,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe becauſe ſhe's fair?
Is it your beautie's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to ſtudy truth?
Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or thoſe it hath ſmile at your perjuries?
Are vows ſo cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought ſo many accents ſweet,
Form'd into words, ſo many ſighs ſhould meet,
As from our hearts; ſo many oaths, and tears
Sprinkled among, (all ſweeten'd by our fears)

And the divine impreſſion of ſtoln kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt, ſhould now prove empty bliſſes?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? ſign to break?
Or muſt we read you quite from what you ſpeak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe who 'ld wiſh you juſt?
O! I prophane: tho' moſt of women be
This kind of beaſt, my thoughts ſhall except thee,
My deareſt Love! tho' froward jealouſie
With circumſtance might urge thy' inconſtancy,
Sooner I'll think the ſun will ceaſe to chear
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June will bind his ſtreams;
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world indures,
Would change her courſe, before you alter your's.
But, oh! that treacherous breaſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his falſhood found too late, 't was he
That made me caſt you guilty, and you me;
Whilſt he (black wretch!) betray'd each ſimple word
We ſpake unto the cunning of a third.
Curſt may he be that ſo our love hath ſlain,
And wander on the earth wretched as Cain!
Wretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pity;
In plaguing him let Miſery be witty!
Let all eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each eye,
Till he be noyſom as his infamy!

May he without remorfe deny God thrice,
And not be trufted more on his foul's price;
And after all felf-torment, when he dies
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falfer tongue,
That utter'd all, be to fome raven flung;
And let his carrion-corfe be a longer feaft
To the king's dogs than any other beaft!
Now I have curft, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive:
I could begin again to court and praife,
And in that pleafure lengthen the fhort days
Of my life's leafe: like painters, that do take
Delight not in made works, but whilft they make.
I could renew thofe times when firft I faw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd, and at mafks and plays
Commend the felf-fame actors the fame ways;
Afk how you did, and often, with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent:
All which were fuch foft paftimes, as in thefe
Love was as fubtilely catch'd as a difeafe;
But being got, it is a treafure fweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get,
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
For tho' 't is got by chance 't is kept by art.

ELEGIE XVIII.

Whoever loves, if he do not propoſe
The right true end of love, he 's one that goes
To ſea for nothing but to make him ſick.
Love is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new ſtrong ſhapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monſter make.
Were not a calf a monſter, that were grown
Fac'd like a man, tho' better than his own?
Perfection is in unity: prefer
One woman firſt, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductilneſs, the application,
The wholſomneſs, the ingenuity,
From ruſt, from ſoil, from fire, ever free:
But if I love it, 't is becauſe 't is made
By our new nature (uſe) the ſoul of trade.
  All theſe in women we might think upon,
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to ſay
They love them for that by which they 're not they?
Makes virtue woman? muſt I cool my blood
Till I both be and find one wiſe and good?
May barren angels love ſo: but if we
Make love to woman, virtue is not ſhe:

As beauties, no, nor wealth. He that ſtrays thus
From her to her's is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every ſphear
And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
He's an infernal god, and under ground
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound.
Men to ſuch gods their ſacrificing coals
Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes.
Altho' we ſee celeſtial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
So we her airs contemplate, words, and heart,
And virtues; but we love the centrique part.
   Nor is the ſoul more worthy or more fit
For love than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this deſired place,
How much they err that ſet out at the face?
The hair a foreſt is of ambuſhes,
Of ſprings, and ſnares, fetters, and manacles:
The brow becalms us when 't is ſmooth and plain,
And when 't is wrinkled ſhipwracks us again.
Smooth 't is a paradiſe, where we would have
Immortal ſtay, but wrinkled 't is a grave.
The noſe (like to the ſweet meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an eaſt and weſt, but 'twixt two ſuns;
It leaves a cheek a roſie hemiſphear
On either ſide, and then directs us where
Upon the Iſlands Fortunate we fall,
Not faint Canaries, but Ambroſial.

Unto her fwelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourfelves at home,
For they feem all: there Syrens' fongs, and there
Wife Delphick oracles, do fill the ear;
Then in a creek, where chofen pearls do fwell
The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
Thefe and (the glorious promontory) her chin,
Being paft the Straits of Hellefpont, between
The Seftos and Abydos of her breafts,
(Not of two lovers but two Loves the nefts)
Succeeds a boundlefs fea; but yet thine eye
Some ifland moles may fcatter'd there defcry;
And failing towards her India, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel ftay:
Tho' there the current be the pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou fhouldft be embay'd,
Thou fhalt upon another foreft fet,
Where many fhipwrack, and no further get.
When thou art there, confider what this chace
Mif-fpent, by thy beginning at the face.
 Rather fet out below; practife my art;
Some fymmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou doft feek, and is thy map for that,
Lovely enough to ftop, but not ftay at:
Leaft fubject to difguife and change it is;
Men fay the devil never can change his:
It is the emblem that hath figured
Firmnefs; 't is the firft part that comes to bed.

Civility we ſee refin'd : the kiſs,
Which at the face began, tranſplanted is,
Since to the hand, ſince to th' imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be.
If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Riſe from the foot, lovers may do ſo too :
For as free ſphears move faſter far than can
Birds, whom the air reſiſts ; ſo may that man,
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
Than if at beautie's enemies he ſtay.
Rich Nature hath in women wiſely made
Two purſes, and their mouths averſely laid :
They then which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that exchequer looks muſt go :
He which doth not, his error is as great
As who by clyſter gives the ſtomach meat.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

Come, Madam ! come ; all reſt my powers defie ;
Until I labour I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in ſight
Is tir'd with ſtanding, tho' he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glitt'ring,
But a far fairer world incompaſſing.
Unpin that ſpangled breaſtplate which you wear,
That th' eyes of buſie fools may be ſtopt there.

Unlace yourfelf, for that harmonious chyme
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy bufk, which I envie,
That ftill can be, and ftill can ftand, fo nigh.
Your gown going off fuch beauteous ftate reveals,
As when thro' flow'ry meads th' hill's fhadow fteals.
Off with that wyerie coronet, and fhow
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow.
Now off with thofe fhooes, and then foftly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this foft bed.
In fuch white robes heaven's angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men; thou angel bring'ft with thee
A heav'n like Mah'met's paradife; and tho'
Ill fpirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this thefe angels from an evil fprite;
Thofe fet our hairs but thefe our flefh upright.
License my roaving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom's fafeft when with one man mann'd.
My myne of precious ftones! my emperie!
How am I bleft in thus difcovering thee!
To enter in thefe bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is fet my feal fhall be.
Full nakednefs! all joys are due to thee;
As fouls unbodied bodies uncloth'd muft be,
To tafte whole joys. Gems, which you women ufe,
Are, like Atlanta's ball, caft in men's views;

That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly foul may court that and not them:
Like pictures or like books' gay coverings made,
For lay-men are all women thus array'd.
Themfelves are only myftick books, which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Muft fee reveal'd. Then fince that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife fhow
Thyfelf, caft all, yea, this white linen, hence;
There is no pennance due to innocence.
  To teach thee I am naked firft; why, then,
What need'ft thou have more covering than a man?

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD;

Wherein, by occaſion of the untimely death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the frailty and the decay of this whole world is repreſented.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the Praiſe of the Dead, and the Anatomie.

Well dy'd the world, that we might live to ſee
This world of wit in his Anatomie:
No evil wants his good; ſo wilder heirs
Bedew their fathers' tombs with forced tears,
Whoſe 'ſtate requites their loſs. While thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I conſent; the world is dead
While this Muſe lives? which in his ſpirit's ſtead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In ſpight of loſs or frail mortality.
And thou the ſubject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble Maid! couldſt not have found nor ſought
A fitter time to yield to thy ſad fate
Than while this ſpirit lives that can relate
Thy worth ſo well to our laſt nephew's eyne,
That they ſhall wonder both at his and thine.

Admired match! where ſtrives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A taſk which thy fair goodneſs made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch.
Enough it is to praiſe them that praiſe thee,
And ſay that but enough thoſe praiſes be,
Which, hadſt thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modeſt red.
Death bars reward and ſhame; when envy 's gone
And gain, 't is ſafe to give the dead their own:
As then the wiſe Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houſes, theſe of clay,
But thoſe of braſs or marble were; ſo we
Give more unto thy ghoſt than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee thou gav'ſt to us,
And may'ſt but thank thyſelf for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'ſt and wert, O happy maid!
Thy grace profeſs'd all due where 'tis repaid.
So theſe high ſongs that to thee ſuited bin,
Serve but to ſound thy Maker's praiſe and thine,
Which thy dear ſoul as ſweetly ſings to him,
Amid the choir of ſaints and ſeraphim,
As any angel's tongue can ſing of thee;
The ſubjects differ, tho' the ſkill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love thy virtues did preſage
What high part thou bear'ſt in thoſe beſt of ſongs,
Whereto no burden nor no end belongs.

Sing on, thou virgin foul! whofe lofsful gain
Thy love-fick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in fongs forgot
Till we fhall fing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

When that rich foul, which to her heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate who know they 'ave one,
(For who is fure he hath a foul, unlefs
It fee, and judge, and follow worthinefs,
And by deeds praife it? he who doth not this
May lodge an inmate foul, but 't is not his)
When that queen ended here her progrefs time,
And as t' her ftanding houfe to heav'n did climb,
Where, loth to make the faints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the choir and fong:
This world in that great earthquake languifhed,
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the ftrongeft vital fpirits out,
But fuccour'd them with a perplexed doubt
Whether the world did lofe or gain in this;
(Becaufe fince now no other way there is
But goodnefs, to fee her whom all would fee,
All muft endeavour to be good as fhe)
This great confumption to a fever turn'd,
And fo the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;

And as men think that agues phthyſick are,
And th' ague being ſpent give over care;
So thou, ſick world! miſtak'ſt thyſelf to be
Well, when, alas! thou'rt in a lethargie.
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'ſt have better ſpar'd the ſun or man.
That wound was deep; but 't is more miſery
That thou haſt loſt thy ſenſe and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan;
But this is worſe that thou art ſpeechleſs grown.
Thou haſt forgot thy name thou hadſt; thou waſt
Nothing but ſhe, and her thou haſt o'erpaſt;
For as a child kept from the font until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadſt laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forgett'ſt to celebrate thy name.
Some months ſhe hath been dead, (but, being dead,
Meaſures of time are all determined)
But long ſhe' hath been away, long, long; yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that 's gone.
But as in ſtates doubtful of future heirs,
When ſickneſs without remedie impairs
The preſent prince, they 're loth it ſhould be ſaid
The prince doth languiſh, or the prince is dead;
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A ſtrong example gone, equal to law,

The cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, now reſolv'd and ſlack'd,
Thought it ſome blaſphemy' to ſay ſhe was dead,
Or that our weakneſs was diſcovered
In that confeſſion; therefore ſpoke no more
Than tongues, the ſoul being gone, the loſs deplore.
But tho' it be too late to ſuccour thee,
Sick World! yea dead, yea putrified; ſince ſhe,
Thy intrinſique balm and thy preſervative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (ſince no man can make thee live) will trie
What we may gain by thy Anatomie.
Her death hath taught us, dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy pureſt part.
Let no man ſay, the world itſelf being dead,
'Tis labour loſt to have diſcovered
The world's infirmities, ſince there is none
Alive to ſtudy this diſſection:
For there 's a kind of world remaining ſtill,
Tho' ſhe, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this laſt long night
Her ghoſt doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue and of good
Reflects from her on them which underſtood
Her worth; and tho' ſhe have ſhut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth ſtay,
Which, from the carcaſs of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be

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Produc'd; the matter and the stuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is;
And tho' to be thus elemented arm
These creatures from homeborn intrinsique harm,
(For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedless Paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no ven'mous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old;
For with due temper men do then forego
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; physicians say that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality:
And can there be worse sickness than to know
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are born ruinous; poor mothers cry
That children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come, and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate
Even God's purpose, and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment:
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessary, and principal in ill;

For that firſt marriage was our funeral;
One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
And ſingly one by one they kill us now,
And we delightfully ourſelves allow
To that conſumption; and, profuſely blind,
We kill ourſelves to propagate our kind;
And yet we do not that; we are not men;
There is not now that mankind which was then,
When as the ſun and man did ſeem to ſtrive
(Joynt-tenants of the world) who ſhould ſurvive;
When ſtag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a ſlow-pac'd ſtar had ſtoln away
From the obſerver's marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred years to ſee't again,
And then make up his obſervation plain;
When as the age was long, the ſize was great,
Man's growth confeſs'd and recompenc'd the meat;
So ſpacious and large, that every ſoul
Did a fair kingdom and large realm controul;
And when the very ſtature, thus erect,
Did that ſoul a good way t'wards heav'n direct:
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age
Fit to be made Methuſalem his page?
Alas! we ſcarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right or lye.
Old gran'ſires talk of yeſterday with ſorrow,
And for our children we reſerve to-morrow.

So ſhort is life, that every peaſant ſtrives,
In a torn houſe or field, to have three lives.
And as in laſting, ſo in length, is man
Contracted to an inch who was a ſpan;
For had a man at firſt in foreſts ſtray'd,
Or ſhipwrack'd in the ſea, one would have laid
A wager that an elephant or whale
That met him would not haſtily aſſail
A thing ſo equal to him: now, alas!
The fairies and the pygmies well may paſs
As credible. Mankind decays ſo ſoon,
We're ſcarce our fathers' ſhadows caſt at noon;
Only death adds t' our length; nor are we grown
In ſtature to be men till we are none.
But this were light, did our leſs volume hold
All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their ſilver, or diſpos'd into leſs glaſs
Spirits of virtue which then ſcatter'd was:
But 't is not ſo; we 're not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies ſo our minds are crampt:
'Tis ſhrinking, not cloſe weaving, that hath thus,
In mind and body both, bedwarfed us.
We ſeem ambitious God's whole work t' undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we ſtrive too
To bring ourſelves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can to do 't as ſoon as he.
With new diſeaſes on ourſelves we war,
And with new phyſick, a worſe engine far.

This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces, are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They 're but man's miniſters and legats there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility and to man's uſe:
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t'attend
Till man came up, did down to man deſcend;
This man, ſo great, that all that is is his,
Oh! what a trifle and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he 's nothing now;
Help, or at leaſt ſome time to waſte, allow
To' his other wants; yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he loſt his heart.
She, of whom th' Ancients ſeem'd to propheſie,
When they call'd virtues by the name of She;
She, in whom virtue was ſo much refin'd,
That for allay unto ſo pure a mind
She took the weaker ſex; ſhe that could drive
The poyſonous tincture and the ſtain of Eve
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious alchimy;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe 's dead! When thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
The heart being periſh'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The ſupernatural food, religion,

Thy better growth grows withered and ſcant;
Be more than man, or thou 'rt leſs than an ant.
Then as mankind, ſo is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almoſt created lame;
For before God had made up all the reſt,
Corruption enter'd and deprav'd the beſt:
It ſeiz'd the angels, and then, firſt of all,
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joynt of th' univerſal frame.
The nobleſt part, man, felt it firſt; and then
Both beaſts and plants curſt in the curſe of man:
So did the world from the firſt hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day;
And now the ſprings and ſummers which we ſee,
Like ſons of women after fifty be:
And new philoſophy calls all in doubt
The element of fire is quite put out;
The ſun is loſt, and th' earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it:
And freely men confeſs that this world 's ſpent,
When in the planets and the firmament
They ſeek ſo many new; they ſee that this
Is crumbled out again t' his atomies:
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All juſt ſupply, and all relation:
Prince, ſubject, father, ſon, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got

To be a phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kind of which he is but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that ſhould all parts to reunion bow;
She that had all magnetique force alone
To draw and faſten ſunder'd parts in one;
She whom wiſe Nature had invented then,
When ſhe obſerv'd that every ſort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's ſea ſtray,
And needed a new compaſs for their way;
She, that was beſt and firſt original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to Fate; ſhe, whoſe rich eyes and breaſt
Gilt the Weſt Indies, and perfum'd the Eaſt,
Whoſe having breath'd in this world did beſtow
Spice on thoſe iſles, and bade them ſtill ſmell ſo;
And that rich Indie, which doth gold inter,
Is but as ſingle money coyn'd from her;
She, to whom this world muſt itſelf refer,
As ſuburbs or the microcoſm of her;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe 's dead! When thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how lame a creeple this world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That this world's general ſickneſs doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part,
But as thou ſaw'ſt it rotten at the heart,
Thou ſee'ſt a hectique fever hath got hold
Of the whole ſubſtance, not to be controll'd,

And that thou haſt but one way not t' admit
The world's infection, to be none of it:
For the world's ſubtil'ſt immaterial parts
Feel this conſuming wound, and age's darts:
For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
Beauty, that 's colour and proportion.
We think the heav'ns enjoy their ſpherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed courſe,
Obſerv'd in diverſe ages, doth enforce
Men to find out ſo many eccentrique parts,
Such diverſe down-right lines, ſuch overthwarts,
As diſproportion that pure form: it tears
The firmament in eight and forty ſhares,
And in theſe conſtellations then ariſe
New ſtars, and old do vaniſh from our eyes;
As tho' heav'n ſuffered earthquakes, peace or war,
When new tow'rs riſe, and old demoliſh'd are.
They have impal'd within a zodiack
The free-born ſun, and keep twelve ſignes awake
To watch his ſteps; the Goat and Crab controul
And fright him back, who elſe to either pole
(Did not theſe tropiques fetter him) might run;
For his courſe is not round, nor can the ſun
Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he roſe to-day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line
Steals by that point, and ſo is ſerpentine;

And feeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to fleep, being now fal'n nearer us.
So of the ftars, which boaft that they do run
In circle ftill, none ends where he begun;
All their proportion's lame, it finks, it fwells;
For of meridians and parallels
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heav'ns, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
We fpur, we rein the ftars, and in their race
They're diverfly content t' obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion ftill?
Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
Rife fo high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would fhipwrack there and fink?
Seas are fo deep, that whales being ftruck to-day,
Perchance to-morrow fcarce at middle way
Of their wifh'd journey's end, the bottom, die;
And men to found depths fo much line unty,
As one might juftly think that there would rife,
At end thereof, one of th' antipodes;
If under all a vault infernal be,
(Which fure is fpacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there muft
Millions into a ftraight hot room be thruft)
Then folidnefs and roundnefs have no place:
Are thefe but warts and pockholes in the face

Of th'earth? Think ſo; but yet confeſs in this
The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
That thoſe two leggs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and puniſhment, are bent awry:
And, oh! it can no more be queſtioned
That beautie's beſt proportion is dead,
Since even grief itſelf, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She, by whoſe lines proportion ſhould be
Examin'd, meaſure of all ſymmetry,
Whom had that Ancient ſeen, who thought ſouls made
Of harmony, he would at next have ſaid
That Harmony was ſhe, and thence infer
That ſouls were but reſultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow:
She who, if theſe great doctors truly ſaid,
That th'ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and paſſions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civil war to ceaſe:
She, after whom what form ſoe'er we ſee,
Is diſcord and rude incongruity;
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead! When thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how ugly' a monſter this world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That here is nothing to enamour thee;

And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poyſoning the fountains whence our actions ſpring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly' and in proportion,
To ſatisfie wiſe and good lookers-on,
Since moſt men be ſuch as moſt think they be,
They 're loathſome too by this deformity:
For good and well muſt in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe than indiſcreet.
But beautie's other ſecond element,
Colour and luſtre, now is as near ſpent;
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone;
As a compaſſionate turcoyſe, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well;
As gold falls ſick being ſtung with Mercury,
All the world's parts of ſuch complexion be.
When Nature was moſt buſy, the firſt week
Swaddling the new-born earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport herſelf ſometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day;
And then, as tho' ſhe could not make enow,
Himſelf his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one;
Yet ſight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: ſummer's robe grows
Duſky, and like an oft'-dy'd garment ſhows.

Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheeks to ſpread,
Is inward ſunk, and only' our ſouls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If ſhe whom we lament had not been dead:
But ſhe, in whom all white, and red, and blew,
(Beautie's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradiſe, from whom
Did all things' verdure and their luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air and fire but thick groſs bodies were,
And livelieſt ſtones but drowſie and pale to her)
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead! When thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how wan a ghoſt this our world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That it ſhould more affright than pleaſure thee:
And that, ſince all fair colour then did ſink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's ſenſe.
Nor in ought more this world's decay appears
Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is:
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy ſhower;
Th' air doth not motherly ſit on the earth,
To hatch her ſeaſons, and give all things birth;

Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs,
And falſe conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' air ſhows ſuch meteors, as none can ſee
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth ſuch new worms as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian Magi to have made more ſuch.
What artiſt now dares boaſt that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or conſtellate any thing,
So as the influence of thoſe ſtars may be
Impriſon'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which thoſe ſtars could do?
The art is loſt, and correſpondence too;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes leſs,
And man leaſt knows their trade and purpoſes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whoſe loſs we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully' and pow'rfully on us;
Since herbs and roots by dying loſe not all,
But they, yea aſhes too, are med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue ſo, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at,
And all the world would be one dying ſwan,
To ſing her Funeral praiſe, and vaniſh then.
But as ſome ſerpent's poyſon hurteth not,
Except it be from the live ſerpent ſhot,
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us, ſhe working more than it.

But ſhe, in whom to ſuch maturity
Virtue was grown paſt growth, that it muſt die;
She, from whoſe influence all impreſſion came,
But by receiver's impotencies lame;
Who, tho' ſhe could not tranſubſtantiate
All ſtates to gold, yet gilded every ſtate;
So that ſome princes have ſome temperance,
Some counſellors ſome purpoſe to advance
The common profit, and ſome people have
Some ſtay, no more than kings ſhould give to crave;
Some women have ſome taciturnity,
Some nunneries ſome grains of chaſtity:
She that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was Iron, and ruſty too;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead! When thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how dry a cinder this world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That 't is in vain to dew or molifie
It with thy tears, or ſweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or periſhing,
But thoſe rich joys which did poſſeſs her heart,
Of which ſhe's now partaker and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that 's dead,
The body will not laſt out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their ſpeech to parts that are of moſt effect;
So the world's carcaſs would not laſt, if I
Were punctual in this Anatomie;

Nor ſmells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their diſeaſe, who fain would think they're well.
Here, therefore, be the end; and, bleſſed Maid!
Of whom is meant whatever hath been ſaid,
Or ſhall be ſpoken well by any tongue,
Whoſe name refines coarſe lines, and makes proſe ſong,
Accept this tribute, and his firſt year's rent,
Who, till his dark ſhort taper's end be ſpent,
As oft' as thy feaſt ſees this widow'd earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy ſecond birth,
That is, thy death: for tho' the ſoul of man
Be got when man is made, 't is born but then
When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
And as a midwife death directs it home;
And you her creatures, whom ſhe works upon,
And have your laſt and beſt concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one ſhould her praiſes thus rehearſe,
As matter fit for chronicle, not verſe,
Vouchſafe to call to mind that God did make
A laſt and laſting'ſt piece, a ſong. He ſpake
To Moſes to deliver unto all
That ſong, becauſe he knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the hiſtory,
But keep the ſong ſtill in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due meaſure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade;

Nor could incomprehenſibleneſs deter
Me from this trying to impriſon her,
Which when I ſaw that a ſtrict grave could do,
I ſaw not why verſe might not do ſo too.
Verſe hath a middle nature; heav'n keeps ſouls,
The grave keeps bodies, verſe the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

'Tis loſs to truſt a tomb with ſuch a gueſt,
Or to confine her in a marble cheſt.
Alas! what's marble, jeat, or porphyrie,
Priz'd with the chryſolite of either eye,
Or with thoſe pearls and rubies, which ſhe was?
Joyn the two Indies in one tomb, 't is glaſs;
And ſo is all to her materials,
Tho' every inch were ten Eſcurials;
Yet ſhe's demoliſh'd; can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can theſe memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name by which name they muſt live?
Sickly, alas! ſhort-liv'd, abortive be
Thoſe carcaſs verſes whoſe ſoul is not ſhe;
And can ſhe, who no longer would be ſhe,
(Being ſuch a tabernacle) ſtoop to be
In paper wrapt? or, when ſhe would not lie
In ſuch an houſe, dwell in an elegy?

But 't is no matter; we may well allow
Verſe to live ſo long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counſellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more;
The rich for ſtomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands; merchants for feet,
By which remote and diſtant countries meet:
But thoſe fine ſpirits which do tune and ſet
This organ, are thoſe pieces which beget
Wonder and love, and theſe were ſhe; and ſhe
Being ſpent, the world muſt needs decrepit be:
For ſince Death will proceed to triumph ſtill,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world itſelf; ſo great was ſhe.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be;
Death cannot give her ſuch another blow,
Becauſe ſhe cannot ſuch another ſhow.
But muſt we ſay ſhe's dead? May 't not be ſaid,
That as a ſunder'd clock is piece-meal laid,
Not to be loſt, but by the maker's hand
Repoliſh'd, without errour then to ſtand?
Or as the Afrique Niger ſtream enwombs
Itſelf into the earth, and after comes
(Having firſt made a natural bridge, to paſs
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May 't not be ſaid that her grave ſhall reſtore
Her greater, purer, firmer, than before?

Heav'n may ſay this, and joy in't; but can we,
Who live and lack her here, this 'vantage ſee?
What is't to us, alas! if there have been
An angel made a throne or cherubin?
We loſe by't; and as aged men are glad,
Being taſteleſs grown, to joy in joys they had,
So now the ſick-ſtarv'd world muſt feed upon
This joy, that we had her who now is gone.
Rejoyce then, Nature and this world, that you,
Fearing the laſt fire's haſt'ning to ſubdue
Your force and vigour ere it were near gone,
Wiſely beſtow'd and laid it all on one;
One whoſe clear body was ſo pure and thin,
Becauſe it need diſguiſe no thought within,
'Twas but a thro'-light ſcarf her mind t' enroll,
Or exhalation breath'd out from her ſoul;
One whom all men, who durſt no more, admir'd,
And whom whoe'er had worth enough deſir'd.
As when a temple's built ſaints emulate
To which of them it ſhall be conſecrate:
But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
Thoſe new ſtars every artiſt exerciſe;
What place they ſhould aſſign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till thoſe ſtars go out;
So the world ſtudy'd whoſe this piece ſhould be,
'Till ſhe can be no body's elſe, nor ſhe;
But like a lamp of balſamum, deſir'd
Rather t' adorn than laſt, ſhe ſoon expir'd,

Cloath'd in her virgin-white integrity;
For marriage, tho' it doth not ſtain, doth die.
To 'ſcape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, ſhe went away before ſhe was one;
And the world's buſie noiſe to overcome,
Took ſo much death as ſerv'd for opium;
For tho' ſhe could not, nor could chuſe to die,
She' hath yielded to too long on ecſtaſie.
He which, not knowing her ſad hiſtory,
Should come to read the book of Deſtiny,
How fair and chaſte, humble and high, ſhe' had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen;
And meaſuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either Deſtiny miſtook,
Or that ſome leaves were torn out of the book:
But 'tis not ſo: Fate did but uſher her
To years of reaſon's uſe, and then infer
Her deſtiny to' herſelf, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die:
Her modeſty not ſuffering her to be
Fellow-commiſſioner with Deſtiny,
She did no more but die. If after her
Any ſhall live which dare true good prefer,
Every ſuch perſon is her delegate,
T' accompliſh that which ſhould have been her fate;
They ſhall make up that book, and ſhall have thanks
Of Fate and her for filling up their blanks;

For future virtuous deeds are legacies
Which from the gift of her example riſe:
And 't is in heav'n part of ſpiritual mirth
To ſee how well the good play her on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL;

Wherein, by occaſion of the religious death of Miſtreſs Elizabeth Drury, the incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Harbinger to the Progreſs.

Two Souls move here, and mine (a third) muſt move
Paces of admiration and of love.
Thy Soul (dear Virgin!) whoſe this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal ſphear to lively bliſs,
And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The world's laſt day, thy glory's full degree,
Like as thoſe ſtars, which thou o'erlookeſt far,
Are in their place, and yet ſtill moved are.
No Soul (whilſt with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way,
Or ſee thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So faſt, as now the lightning moves but ſlow.
But now thou art as high in heav'n flown
As heav'n's from us; what Soul, beſides thine own,
Can tell thy joys, or ſay he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that bleſſed ſtate?

I envy thee, (rich Soul!) I envy thee,
Altho' I cannot yet thy glory see:
And thou, (great Spirit!) which her's follow'd, hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast,
So far, as none can follow thine so far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long agon hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessen'd in thine airy way;
So while thou mak'st her Soul by progress known,
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own.
From this world's carcass having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creature's praise;
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Mak'st a new progress whilst thou wand'rest here;
Still upward mount, and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays;
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh! let her never stoop below the clouds;
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs, shall still content them best
Which praise those awful pow'rs that make them blest.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

NOTHING could make me fooner to confefs
That this world had an everlaftingnefs,
Than to confider that a year is run
Since both this lower world's and the fun's fun,
The luftre and the vigour of this all,
Did fet; 'twere blafphemy to fay did fall.
But as a fhip which hath ftruck fail doth run
By force of that force which before it won;
Or as fometimes in a beheaded man,
Tho' at thofe two Red feas which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His foul be fail'd to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As tho' he beck'ned and call'd back his foul,
He grafps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And feems to reach, and to ftep forth to meet
His Soul; when all thefe motions which we faw
Are but as ice, which crackles at a thaw;
Or as a lute, which in moift weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her ftrings,
So ftruggles this dead world, now fhe is gone,
For there is motion in corruption.
As fome days are at the creation nam'd
Before the fun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd,

So after this ſun 's ſet ſome ſhew appears,
And orderly viciſſitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all; all have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reſerve of all:
Yet in this deluge, groſs and general,
Thou ſeeſt me ſtrive for life; my life ſhall be
To be hereafter prais'd for praiſing thee,
Immortal Maid! who tho' thou wouldſt refuſe
The name of Mother, be unto my Muſe
A father, ſince her chaſt ambition is
Yearly to bring forth ſuch a child as this.
Theſe hymns may work on future wits, and ſo
May great grand-children of thy praiſes grow;
And ſo, tho' not revive, embalm and ſpice
The world, which elſe would putrifie with vice;
For thus man may extend thy progeny
Until man do but vaniſh, and not die.
Theſe hymns thy iſſue may increaſe ſo long,
As till God's great *Venite* change the ſong.
Thirſt for that time, O my inſatiate Soul!
And ſerve thy thirſt with God's ſafe ſealing bowl.
Be thirſty ſtill, and drink ſtill, till thou go
To th' only health; to be hydroptique ſo,
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old ſtory be.
Be not concern'd; ſtudy not why or when;
Do not ſo much as not believe a man:

For tho' to err be worſt, to try truths forth
Is far more bus'neſs than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcaſs; thou art fed
By it but as a worm that carcaſs bred.
And why ſhouldſt thou, poor worm! conſider more
When this world will grow better than before?
Than thoſe thy fellow-worms do think upon
That carcaſs's laſt reſurrection?
Forget this world, and ſcarce think of it ſo
As of old clothes caſt off a year ago.
To be thus ſtupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargique have beſt memory.
Look upward, that 's towards her whoſe happy ſtate
We now lament not but congratulate:
She to whom all this world was but a ſtage,
Where all ſat hark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, becauſe in all ſhe did
Some figure of the golden times was hid;
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Becauſe ſhe was the form that made it live,
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be ſtay'd in then when ſhe was in it:
She that firſt try'd indifferent deſires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She to whoſe perſon Paradiſe adher'd,
As courts to princes; ſhe whoſe eyes enſphear'd
Star-light, enough t' have made the South controll
(Had ſhe been there) the ſtar-full northern pole;

She, ſhe is gone; ſhe 's gone! When thou know'ſt this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou know'ſt, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my Soul! that death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou ſpy'ſt firſt a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy ſight;
For ſuch approaches doth heav'n make in death:
Think thyſelf labouring now with broken breath,
And think thoſe broken and ſoft notes to be
Diviſion, and thy happieſt harmony:
Think thee laid on thy deathbed, looſe and ſlack,
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy Soul, from thence:
Think thyſelf parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more by calling it
Thy phthyſic; chide the ſlackneſs of the fit:
Think that thou hear'ſt thy knell, and think no more
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee:
Think Satan's ſerjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thruſt;
Give one thy pride, t' another give thy luſt;
Give them thoſe ſins which they gave thee before,
And truſt th' immaculate blood to waſh thy ſcore:
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but becauſe they go not yet thy way:

Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this
That they confess much in the world amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that
Which they from God and angels cover not:
Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They re-invest thee in white innocence:
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go)
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms, which insensibly devour their state:
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night:
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsie or slack, remember then that she,
She, whose complexion was so even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three no fear, no art, could guess,
So far were all remov'd from more or less:
But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was best:
And as, tho' all do know that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
And say this is a line or this a point;
So tho' the elements and humours were
In her, one could not say this governs there,

Whoſe even conſtitution might have won
Any diſeaſe to venture on the ſun
Rather than her, and make a ſpirit fear,
That he too diſuniting ſubject were,
To whoſe proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they 're unſtable, circles angular:
She who was ſuch a chain as Fate employs
To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would think
No accident could threaten any link;
She, ſhe embrac'd a ſickneſs, gave it meat,
The pureſt blood and breath that e'er it ate,
And hath taught us, that tho' a good man hath
Title to heav'n, and plead it by his faith,
And tho' he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince
Heav'n was content to ſuffer violence;
Yea, tho' he plead a long poſſeſſion too,
(For they 're in heav'n on earth who heav'n's works
Tho' he had right, and pow'r, and place, before, [do)
Yet death muſt uſher and unlock the door:
Think further on thyſelf, my Soul! and think
How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſink:
Think that it argued ſome infirmity,
That thoſe two Souls, which then thou foundſt in me,
Thou fedſt upon, and drew'ſt into thee, both
My ſecond Soul of ſenſe and firſt of growth:
Think but how poor thou waſt, how obnoxious,
Whom a ſmall lump of fleſh could poiſon thus:

This curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
My body could, beyond eſcape or help,
Infect thee with orig'nal ſin, and thou
Couldſt neither then refuſe nor leave it now:
Think that no ſtubborn ſullen anchorit,
Which, fixt t' a pillar or a grave, doth ſit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our Souls in their firſt-built cells:
Think in how poor a priſon thou doſt ly,
After enabled but to ſuck and cry:
Think when 't was grown to, moſt 't was a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of ſkin,
And that uſurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
Of ſickneſſes, or their true mother, Age:
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haſt thy' expanſion now, and liberty:
Think that a ruſty piece diſcharg'd is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow;
Think thy ſhell broke, think thy Soul hatcht but now;
And think this ſlow-pac'd Soul, which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a-day,
Diſpatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heav'n and earth; ſhe ſtays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themſelves prepare;
She carries no deſire to know, nor ſenſe,
Whether th' air's middle region be intenſe;

For th' element of fire, ſhe doth not know
Whether ſhe paſs'd by ſuch a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die:
Venus retards her not, t' enquire how ſhe
Can (being one ſtar) Heſper and Veſper be:
He that charm'd Argus' eyes, ſweet Mercury,
Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who, if ſhe meet the body of the ſun,
Goes thro', not ſtaying till his courſe be run;
Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
Nor is by Jove nor by his father barr'd;
But ere ſhe can conſider how ſhe went,
At once is at and thro' the firmament:
And as theſe ſtars were but ſo many beads
Strung on one ſtring, ſpeed undiſtinguiſh'd leads
Her thro' thoſe ſphears, as thro' thoſe beads a ſtring,
Whoſe quick ſucceſſion makes it ſtill one thing;
As doth the pith which, leſt our bodies ſlack,
Strings faſt the little bones of neck and back;
So by the Soul doth death ſtring heav'n and earth;
For when our Soul enjoys this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a ſecond grace)
Heaven is near, and preſent to her face,
As colours are and objects in a room,
Where darkneſs was before, when tapers come.
This muſt, my Soul! thy long ſhort progreſs be
T' advance theſe thoughts; remember then that ſhe,

She whoſe fair body no ſuch priſon was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to paſs
An age in her; ſhe whoſe rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for ſo much as they were like to her;
She in whoſe body (if we dare prefer
This low world to ſo high a mark as ſhe)
The weſtern treaſure, eaſtern ſpicery,
Europe and Africk, and the unknown reſt,
Were eas'ly found, or what in them was beſt:
And when we 'ave made this large diſcovery
Of all, in her ſome one part then will be
Twenty ſuch parts, whoſe plenty' and riches is
Enough to make twenty ſuch worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did firſt betroth
The tutelar angels, and aſſign'd one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each ſeveral man, to him and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;
She of whoſe Soul, if we may ſay 't was gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that. We underſtood
Her by her ſight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay her body thought;
She, ſhe thus richly' and largely hous'd, is gone,
And chides us, ſlow-pac'd ſnails! who crawl upon

Our priſon's priſon, earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilſt we bear our brittle ſhell.
But 't were but little to have chang'd our room
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppreſs'd with ignorance, we ſtill were ſo.
Poor Soul! in this thy fleſh what doſt thou know?
Thou know'ſt thyſelf ſo little, as thou know'ſt not
How thou didſt die, nor how thou waſt begot.
Thou neither know'ſt how thou at firſt cam'ſt in,
Nor how thou took'ſt the poyſon of man's ſin;
Nor doſt thou (tho' thou know'ſt that thou art ſo)
By what way thou art made immortal know.
Thou art too narrow, Wretch! to comprehend
Even thyſelf, yea, tho' thou wouldſt but bend
To know thy body. Have not all Souls thought,
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 't is an even lay.
Know'ſt thou but how the ſtone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the ſkin?
Know'ſt thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid ſtuff which thou doſt ſpit,
Know'ſt thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no paſſages, ſo that there is
(For ought thou know'ſt) piercing of ſubſtances.

And of thofe many' opinions, which men raife
Of nails and hairs, doft thou know which to praife?
What hope have we to know ourfelves, when we
Know not the leaft things which for our ufe be?
We fee in authors, too ftiff to recant,
A hundred controverfies of an ant;
And yet one watches, ftarves, freezes, and fweats,
To know but catechifms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things: matters of fact,
How others on our ftage their parts did act,
What Cæfar did, yea, and what Cicero faid,
Why grafs is green, or why our blood is red,
Are myfteries which none have reach'd unto:
In this low form, poor Soul! what wilt thou do?
Oh! when wilt thou fhake off this pedantry
Of being taught by fenfe and fantafie?
Thou look'ft thro' fpectacles; fmall things feem great
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And fee all things defpoil'd of fallacies:
Thou fhalt not peep thro' lattices of eyes,
Nor hear thro' labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit or collections to difcern:
In heav'n thou ftraight know'ft all concerning it,
And what concerns it not fhall ftraight forget.
There thou (but in no other fchool) mayft be
Perchance as learned and as full as fhe;
She, who all libraries had th'roughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practifed

So much good as would make as many more;
She, whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous actions they express
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action;
She who, in th' art of knowing Heav'n, was grown
Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heav'n she came,
(In a far fairer print) but read the same;
She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge as would over-fraight
Another did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy as get perfection,
And calls us after her, in that she took
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.
Return not, my Soul! from this ecstasie
And meditation of what thou shalt be
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? What station
Canst thou chuse out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a spungy slack divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them agen?
Are there not some courts (and then no things be
So like as courts) which in this let us see

That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
Becauſe they do more ill than theſe can ſpeak?
The poyſon 's gone thro' all; poyſons affect
Chiefly the chiefeſt parts; but ſome effect
In nails, and hairs, yea, excrements, will ſhow:
So lies the poyſon of ſin in the moſt low.
Up, up, my drowſy Soul! where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' ſongs no diſcord hear;
Where thou ſhalt ſee the bleſſed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that which men have ſaid;
Where ſhe 's exalted more for being good
Than for her intereſt of motherhood:
Up to thoſe patriarchs which did longer ſit
Expecting Chriſt than they 'ave enjoy'd him yet;
Up to thoſe prophets which now gladly ſee
Their propheſies grown to be hiſtory;
Up to th' apoſtles, who did bravely run
All the ſun's courſe with more light than the ſun;
Up to thoſe martyrs who did calmly bleed
Oyl to th' apoſtle's lamps, dew to their ſeed;
Up to thoſe virgins who thought that almoſt
They made joynt-tenants with the Holy Ghoſt,
If they to any ſhould his temple give:
Up, up, for in that ſquadron there doth live
She who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities;
She who, being to herſelf a ſtate, enjoy'd
All royalties which any ſtate employ'd;

For ſhe made wars and triumph'd; reaſon ſtill
Did not o'erthrow, but rectifie her will;
And ſhe made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty' and chaſtity together kiſs:
She did high juſtice, for ſhe crucify'd
Ev'ry firſt motion of rebellion's pride;
And ſhe gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only' herſelf except, ſhe pardon'd all:
She coyn'd in this, that her impreſſion gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breaſt
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arreſt.
As theſe prerogatives being met in one
Made her a ſoveraign ſtate, religion
Made her a church; and theſe two made her all.
She, who was all this all, and could not fall
To worſe by company, (for ſhe was ſtill
More antidote than all the world was ill)
She, ſhe doth leave it, and by death ſurvive
All this in heav'n, whither who doth not ſtrive
The more becauſe ſhe's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in heav'n do grow.
But pauſe, my Soul! and ſtudy, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' eſſential.
Still before acceſſories do abide
A tryal muſt the principal be try'd.
And what eſſential joy canſt thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect

Of tranſitory cauſes? Doſt thou love
Beauty? (and beauty worthieſt is to move)
Poor cozen'd Cozener! that ſhe, and that thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, chang'd ſince yeſterday;
Next day repairs (but ill) laſt day's decay;
Nor are (altho' the river keep the name)
Yeſterday's waters and to-day's the ſame.
So flows her face and thine eyes, neither now
That ſaint nor pilgrim which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilſt you think you be
Conſtant, y' are hourly in inconſtancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Becauſe that God did live ſo long above
Without this honour, and then lov'd it ſo,
That he at laſt made creatures to beſtow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that to his hands man might grow more fit:
But ſince all honours from inferiours flow,
(For they do give it, princes do but ſhow
Whom they would have ſo honour'd) and that this
On ſuch opinions and capacities
Is built as riſe and fall to more and leſs:
Alas! 't is but a caſual happineſs.
Hath ever any man t' himſelf aſſign'd
This or that happineſs t' arreſt his mind,
But that another man, which takes a worſe,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that courſe?

They who did labour Babel's tow'r t' erect,
Might have consider'd, that for that effect
All this whole solid earth could not allow,
Nor furnish forth materials enow;
And that his center, to raise such a place,
Was far too little to have been the base.
No more affords this world foundation
T' erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the Heathen made them several gods
Of all God's benefits and all his rods,
(For as the wine, and corn, and onions, are
Gods unto them, so agues be and war)
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coynes they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
So much mankind true happiness mistakes,
No joy enjoys that man that many makes.
Then, Soul! to thy first pitch work up again;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heav'n thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God in fulness can think it;
For it is both the object and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution nor we;

'Tis fuch a full and fuch a filling good,
Had th' angels once look'd on him they had ftood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate is gone before;
She, who had here fo much effential joy,
As no chance could diftract, much lefs deftroy;
Who with God's prefence was acquainted fo,
(Hearing and fpeaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural ftone or tree,
Better than when in images they be;
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in fuch reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her firft parents' fault, and not her own;
Who, being follicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his fafe precontract;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whofe twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier than moft ufe to pray;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet ftrove to be
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given: fhe to heav'n is gone,
Who made this world in fome proportion
A heav'n, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) effential.
But could this low world joys effential touch,
Heav'n's accidental joys would pafs them much.

How poor and lame muſt then our caſual be?
If thy prince will his ſubjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do ſwell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be leſs man.
When no phyſician of redreſs can ſpeak,
A joyful caſual violence may break
A dangerous apoſtem in thy breaſt,
And whilſt thou joy'ſt in this the dangerous reſt,
The bag may riſe up, and ſo ſtrangle thee.
Whate'er was caſual may ever be.
What ſhould the nature change? or make the ſame
Certain, which was but caſual, when it came?
All caſual joy doth loud and plainly ſay,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in heav'n joy's ſtrength is never ſpent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a Soul's arrival ne'er decays;
(For that Soul ever joys, and ever ſtays)
Joy that their laſt great conſummation
Approaches in the reſurrection,
When earthly bodies more celeſtial
Shall be than angels were, for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of loſing it.
In this freſh joy 't is no ſmall part that ſhe,
She, in whoſe goodneſs he that names degree
Doth injure her; ('t is loſs to be call'd beſt,
There where the ſtuff is not ſuch as the reſt)

She, who left ſuch a body, as even ſhe
Only in heav'n could learn how it can be
Made better, for ſhe rather was two Souls,
Or like to full on both ſides-written rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward ſkin
As ſtrong records for God as minds within;
She who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and ſtill keeps it ſo,
Long'd for, and longing for 't, to heav'n is gone,
Where ſhe receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where miſdevotion frames
A thouſand prayers to ſaints, whoſe very names
The ancient church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
And where what laws of poetry admit,
Laws of religion have at leaſt the ſame,
Immortal Maid! I might invoke thy name.
Could any ſaint provoke that appetite,
Thou here ſhouldſt make me a French convertite;
But thou wouldſt not, nor wouldſt thou be content
To take this for my ſecond year's true rent.
Did this coyn bear any other ſtamp than his
That gave thee power to do, me to ſay this?
Since his will is that to poſterity
Thou ſhouldſt for life and death a pattern be;
And that the world ſhould notice have of this,
The purpoſe and th' authority is his:
Thou art the proclamation, and I am
The trumpet, at whoſe voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGIE

On the untimely Death of

THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look to me, Faith! and look to my faith, God,
For both my centers feel this period.
Of weight one center, one of greatneſs, is,
And reaſon is that center, faith is this;
For into' our reaſon flow, and there do end,
All that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equidiſtant hence,
Shut in for man in one circumference;
But for th' enormous greatneſſes which are
So diſproportion'd and ſo angular,
As is God's eſſence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what, ſouls do departed hence:
Theſe things (eccentrique elſe) on faith do ſtrike,
Yet neither all nor upon all alike;
For Reaſon, put t' her beſt extenſion,
Almoſt meets Faith, and makes both centers one;
And nothing ever came ſo near to this
As contemplation of that Prince we miſs;

For all that Faith might credit, mankind could,
Reaſon ſtill ſeconded, that this Prince would.
If then leaſt moving of the center make,
More than if whole hell belch'd, the world to ſhake,
What muſt this do, centers diſtracted ſo,
That we ſee not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now that he,
Whoſe reputation was an ecſtaſie,
On neighbour ſtates, which knew not why to wake,
Till he diſcover'd what ways he would take;
For whom what princes angled, when they try'd
Met a torpedo, and were ſtupify'd;
And others' ſtudies, how he would be bent,
Was his great father's greateſt inſtrument,
And activ'ſt ſpirit, to convey and tye
This ſoul of peace unto Chriſtianity?
Was it not well believ'd that he would make
This general peace th' eternal overtake,
And that his times might have ſtretcht out ſo far
As to touch thoſe of which they emblems are?
For to confirm this juſt belief, that now
The laſt days came, we ſaw heav'n did allow
That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,
In peaceful times rumours of wars ſhould riſe.
But now this faith is hereſie, we muſt
Still ſtay, and vex our great grandmother Duſt.
Oh! is God prodigal? Hath he ſpent his ſtore
Of plagues on us, and only now, when more

Would eafe us much, doth he grudge mifery,
And will not let 's enjoy our curfe, to dye?
As for the earth, thrown loweft down of all,
'T were an ambition to defire to fall;
So God, in our defire to dye, doth know
Our plot for eafe, in being wretched fo:
Therefore we live, tho' fuch a life we have
As but fo many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Suftains in us, earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other foul than that;
And could grief get fo high as heav'n, that quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would defire
(With grief to fee him) he had ftay'd below,
To rectifie our errours they foreknow.
Is th' other center, reafon, fafter then?
Where fhould we look for that, now we 're not men?
For if our reafon be our connection
Of caufes, now to us there can be none:
For, as if all the fubftances were fpent,
It were madnefs to enquire of accident;
So is 't to look for Reafon, he being gone,
The only fubject Reafon wrought upon.
If Fate have fuch a chain, whofe divers links
Induftrious man difcerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and fo fteal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:

At a much deader fault muſt reaſon be,
Death having broke off ſuch a link as he.
But now for us with buſy proof to come
That we'ave no reaſon would prove we had ſome;
So would juſt lamentations; therefore we
May ſafelier ſay that we are dead than he.
So if our griefs we do not well declare
We'ave double excuſe; he's not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for tho' I be
Too narrow to think him as he is he,
(Our ſouls beſt baiting and mid period
In her long journey of conſidering God)
Yet (no diſhonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love with us.
Oh! may I (ſince I live) but ſee or hear
That ſhe-intelligence which mov'd this ſphear,
I pardon Fate my life: whoe'er thou be
Which haſt the noble conſcience, thou art ſhe.
I conjure thee by all the charms he ſpoke,
By th' oaths which only you two never broke,
By all the ſouls ye ſigh'd, that if you ſee
Theſe lines, you wiſh I knew your hiſtory.
So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an angel ſinging what you were.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir. I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must express it. But, Madam, since your noble brother's fortune being your's, the evidences also concerning it are your's; so his virtues being your's, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which, by your acceptance, this may be one piece; in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

Your Ladyship's most humble and thankful servant,

J. DONNE.

OBSEQUIES

ON THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

To the Countess of Bedford.

FAIR Soul! which wast not only', as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so, and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphear,

If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodneſs grown that I can ſtudy thee,
And by theſe meditations refin'd
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And ſo can make, by this ſoft ecſtaſie,
This place a map of heav'n, myſelf of thee.
Thou ſeeſt me here at midnight now all reſt;
Time's dead low-water, when all minds diveſt
To-morrow's buſineſs, when the lab'rers have
Such reſt in bed, that their laſt churchyard grave
Subject to change, will ſcarce be a type of this.
Now when the client, whoſe laſt hearing is
To-morrow, ſleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes muſt ſhut them then
Again by death) altho' ſad watch he keep,
Doth practiſe dying by a little ſleep,
Thou at this midnight ſeeſt me, and as ſoon
As that ſun riſes to me midnight's noon;
All the world grows tranſparent, and I ſee
Thro' all, both church and ſtate, in ſeeing thee;
And I diſcern, by favour of this light,
Myſelf, the hardeſt object of the ſight.
God is the glaſs, as thou, when thou doſt ſee
Him, who ſees all, ſeeſt all concerning thee:

So, yet unglorify'd, I comprehend
All in thefe mirrours of thy ways and end.
Tho' God be our true glafs, thro' which we fee
All, fince the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perfpective,
Deeds of good men; for by their being here
Virtues indeed remote feem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arreft
My thoughts on his deeds? which fhall I call beft?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Thofe fpirits, humours, blood, I did laft year;
And as if on a ftream I fix mine eye,
That drop which I look'd on is prefently
Pufht with more waters from my fight, and gone;
So in this fea of virtues can no one
Be' infifted on. Virtues as rivers pafs,
Yet ftill remains that virtuous man there was.
And as if man feed on man's flefh, and fo
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the laft two perfect bodies rife,
Becaufe God knows where every atome lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all thofe
Who knew his minutes well, he might difpofe
His virtues into names and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Deftiny,

Should I divide and diſcontinue ſo
Virtue, which did in one entireneſs grow:
For as he that ſhould ſay ſpirits are fram'd
Of all the pureſt parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not ſpirits half ſo much as he
Which ſays they have no parts but ſimple be;
So is't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old:
So then that virtue in ſeaſon, and then this,
We might have ſeen and ſaid that now he is
Witty, now wiſe, now temperate, now juſt.
In good ſhort lives virtues are fain to thruſt,
And to be ſure betimes to get a place,
When they would exerciſe lack time and ſpace.
So was it in this perſon, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome;
So to exhibit in few years as much
As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch.
As when an angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think now he is at the ſun,
Now thro' the moon, now thro' the air doth run;
Yet when he's come we know he did repair
To all 'twixt heav'n and earth, ſun, moon, and air;
And as this angel in an inſtant knows,
And yet we know this ſuddain knowledge grows

By quick amaſſing ſeveral forms of things
Which he ſucceſſively to order brings,
When they, whoſe ſlow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
So faſt as he, think that he doth not ſo;
Juſt as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every ſyllable, nor ſtay to ſpell,
Yet without doubt he doth diſtinctly ſee,
And lay together every A and B;
So in ſhort-liv'd good men 's not underſtood
Each ſeveral virtue, but the compound good;
For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go and know, and as men read.
O! why ſhould then theſe men, theſe lumps of balm,
Sent hither the world's tempeſt to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and ſpread,
And to make us alive themſelves be dead?
O Soul! O Circle! why ſo quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death, clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compaſs ſtill was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might ſecurely' have pac'd
In the moſt large extent thro' every path
Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgment, hath.
Thou knoweſt that tho' the tropique circles have
(Yea, and thoſe ſmall ones which the poles engrave)
All the ſame roundneſs, evenneſs, and all
The endleſſneſs of th' equinoctial,
Yet when we come to meaſure diſtances,
How here, how there, the ſun affected is,

When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
Only great circles then can be our ſcale:
So tho' thy circle to thyſelf expreſs
All tending to thy endleſs happineſs,
And we, by our good uſe of it, may try
Both how to live well (young) and how to dye;
Yet ſince we muſt be old, and age endures
His Torrid zone at court and calentures,
Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydroptique avarice,
(Infirmities which need the ſcale of truth,
As well as luſt and ignorance of youth)
Why didſt thou not for theſe give med'cines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Tho' as ſmall pocket-clocks, whoſe every wheel
Doth each miſmotion and diſtemper feel,
Whoſe hands get ſhaking palſies, and whoſe ſtring
(His ſinews) ſlackens, and whoſe ſoul, the ſpring,
Expires or languiſhes; whoſe pulſe, the fly,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
Whoſe voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle as men which to their laſt hour come;
If theſe clocks be not wound, or be wound ſtill,
Or be not ſet, or ſet at every will;
So youth is eaſieſt to deſtruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet as in great clocks which in ſteeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns t' employ their time,

An error doth more harm, being general,
When ſmall clocks' faults only on th' wearer fall;
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, ſervants, or the ſtate, rely.
Why wouldſt not thou then, which hadſt ſuch a ſoul,
A clock ſo true as might the ſun controul,
And daily hadſt from him who gave it thee
Inſtructions, ſuch as it could never be
Diſorder'd, ſtay here, as a general
And great ſun-dial, to have ſet us all?
Oh! why wouldeſt thou be an inſtrument
To this unnatural courſe? or why conſent
To this not miracle but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whoſe flood did with thy youth begin,
Should ſo much faſter ebb out than flow in?
Tho' her flood were blown in by thy firſt breath,
All is at once ſunk in the whirlpool death;
Which word I would not name, but that I ſee
Death, elſe a deſart, grown a court by thee.
Now I am ſure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
Where, when the ſeveral labourers I ſee
For children, houſe, proviſion, taking pain,
They're all but ants, carrying eggs, ſtraw, and grain;
And church-yards are our cities, unto which
The moſt repair that are in goodneſs rich:

There is the beſt concourſe and confluence,
There are the holy ſuburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, New Jeruſalem,
Which doth extend her utmoſt gates to them:
At that gate then, triumphant Soul! doſt thou
Begin thy triumph: but ſince laws allow
That at the triumph-day the people may
All that they will 'gainſt the triumpher ſay,
Let me here uſe that freedom, and expreſs
My grief, tho' not to make thy triumph leſs.
By law to triumphs none admitted be
Till they, as magiſtrates, get victory;
Tho' then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field
To which thy rank in this ſtate deſtin'd thee,
That there thy counſels might get victory,
And ſo in that capacity remove
All jealouſies 'twixt prince and ſubjects' love,
Thou couldſt no title to this triumph have,
Thou didſt intrude on death, uſurp a grave.
Then (tho' victoriouſly) thou hadſt fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's deſires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou ſhouldſt ſucceſsfully advance
Thine arms 'gainſt foreign enemies, which are,
Both envy and acclamations popular,
(For both theſe engines equally defeat,
Tho' by a diverſe myne, thoſe which are great)

Till then thy war was but a Civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are;
No more are they who, tho' with good ſucceſs,
In a defenſive war their power expreſs.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Muſt be enlarg'd, and not preſerv'd alone:
Why ſhouldſt thou then, whoſe battles were to win
Thyſelf from thoſe ſtraits Nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that ſtate
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy ſoul and body) as entire
As he who takes indentures doth require;
But did'ſt not ſtay t' enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others what thou didſt to do:
Whyſhouldſtthou triumph now,when heav'n no more
Hath got, by getting thee, than 't had before?
For heav'n and thou, even when thou livedſt here,
Of one another in poſſeſſion were:
But this from triumph moſt diſables thee,
That that place which is conquered muſt be
Left ſafe from preſent war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out.
And hath he left us ſo? or can it be
This territory was no more than he?
No; we were all his charge: the dioceſe
Of ev'ry exemplar man the whole world is;
And he was joyned in commiſſion
With tutelar angels, ſent to every one.

But tho' this freedom to upbraid and chide
Him who triumph'd were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave:
Men might at Pompey jeſt, but they might not
At that authority by which he got
Leave to triumph before by age he might;
So tho', triumphant Soul! I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou ſo early wouldſt abandon us,
Yet I am far from daring to diſpute
With that great Soveraignty, whoſe abſolute
Prerogative hath thus diſpens'd with thee
'Gainſt Nature's laws, which juſt impugners be
Of early triumphs: and I (tho' with pain)
Leſſen our loſs to magnifie thy gain
Of triumph, when I ſay it was more fit
That all men ſhould lack thee than thou lack it.
Tho' then in our times be not ſuffered
That teſtimony of love unto the dead
To dye with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives and French *ſoldarii* did;
And tho' in no degree I can expreſs
Grief in great Alexander's great exceſs,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns diveſt
Their walls and bulwarks which became them beſt;
Do not, fair Soul! this ſacrifice refuſe,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muſe,

Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being caſt
Behindhand, yet hath ſpoke, and ſpoke her laſt.

AN ELEGIE

ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

Man is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This ſea invirons all, and tho' as yet
God hath ſet marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and ſtill pretend
To break our bank whene'er it takes a friend:
Then our land-waters (tears of paſſion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament
(Tears, which our ſoul doth for our ſins let fall)
Take all a brackiſh taſte and funeral,
And even thoſe tears which ſhould waſh ſin are ſin:
We, after God, new-drown our world again.
Nothing but man, of all invenom'd things,
Doth work upon itſelf with inborn ſtings.
Tears are falſe ſpectacles; we cannot ſee
Thro' paſſion's miſt what we are, or what ſhe:
In her this ſea of death hath made no breach;
But as the tide doth waſh the ſlimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the ſand,
So is her fleſh refin'd by Death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's ſtay,
Do take up porc'lane where they buried clay,

So at this grave, her limbeck, (which refines
The diamonds, rubies, saphires, pearls, and mynes,
Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall
Make and name them th' Elixir of this all.
They say the sea when it gains loseth too.
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body, our soul, which subject is
To th' elder Death by sin, is freed by this;
They perish both when they attempt the just;
For graves our trophies are, and both Death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she 'ath buried both;
For none to death sins that to sin is loth;
Nor do they die which are not loth to die;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas!
How little poyson cracks a chrystal glass!
She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
That God's Word must be true, "All sinners be."
So much did zeal her conscience rarifie,
That extream truth lack'd little of a lie,
Making omissions acts, laying the touch
Of sin on things that some time may be such.
As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too;

So would her ſoul, already' in heav'n, ſeem then
To climb by tears the common ſtairs of men.
How fit ſhe was for God I am content
To ſpeak, that Death his vain haſte may repent:
How fit for us, how even and how ſweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reform'd this forward hereſie,
That women can no parts of friendſhip be;
How moral, how divine, ſhall not be told,
Leſt they that hear her virtues think her old,
And leſt we take Death's part, and make him glad
Of ſuch a prey, and to his triumph add.

ELEGIE ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

Death! I recant, and ſay, unſaid by me
Whate'er hath ſlipt that might diminiſh thee.
Spiritual treaſon, atheiſm, 't is, to ſay
That any can thy ſummons diſobey.
Th' earth's face is but thy table; there are ſet
Plants, cattle, men, diſhes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or ſtarv'd jaws:
Now he will ſeem to ſpare, and doth more waſte,
Eating the beſt firſt, well preſerv'd to laſt:
Now wantonly he ſpoils and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piece-meal rot.
Nor will this earth ſerve him; he ſinks the deep,
Where harmleſs fiſh monaſtique ſilence keep;

Who (were Death dead) the rows of living ſand
Might ſpunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnique notes
In birds' (heav'n's choriſters) organique throats,
Which (if they did not dye) might ſeem to be
A tenth rank in the heav'nly hierachie.
O ſtrong and long-liv'd Death! how cam'ſt thou in?
And how without creation didſt begin?
Thou haſt and ſhalt ſee dead before thou dy'ſt
All the four monarchies and Antichriſt.
How could I think thee nothing, that ſee now
In all this all nothing elſe is but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
Waſteful conſumptions and degrees of thee;
For we to live our bellows wear and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death:
And tho' thou beeſt (O mighty bird of prey!)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou muſt lay
All that thou kill'ſt at his feet, yet doth he
Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt for thee;
And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrown
One whom thy blow makes not ours nor thine own:
She was more ſtories high: hopeleſs to come
To' her ſoul, thou' haſt offer'd at her lower room.
Her ſoul and body was a king and court,
But thou haſt both of captain miſs'd and fort.
As houſes fall not, tho' the kings remove,
Bodies of ſaints reſt for their ſouls above.

Death gets 'twixt ſouls and bodies ſuch a place
As ſin inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and grace:
Both work a ſeparation, no divorce:
Her ſoul is gone to uſher up her corſe,
Which ſhall be' almoſt another ſoul, for there
Bodies are purer than beſt ſouls are here.
Becauſe in her her virtues did outgo
Her years, wouldſt thou, O emulous Death! do ſo,
And kill her young to thy loſs? Muſt the coſt
Of beauty' and wit, apt to do harm, be loſt?
What tho' thou foundſt her proof 'gainſt ſins of youth?
Oh! every age a diverſe ſin purſu'th.
Thou ſhouldſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold:
Shortly ambitious, covetous when old,
She might have prov'd; and ſuch devotion
Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.
If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had ſhe perſever'd juſt, there would have been
Some that would ſin, miſ-thinking ſhe did ſin;
Such as would call her friendſhip Love, and feign
To ſociableneſs a name prophane,
Or ſin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wiſhing, tho' they never told her what.
Thus might'ſt thou 'ave ſlain more ſouls, hadſt thou
Thyſelf, and to triumph thine army loſt. [not croſt
Yet tho' theſe ways be loſt thou haſt left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that ſhe is gone:

But we may 'ſcape that ſin, yet weep as much;
Our tears are due, becauſe we are not ſuch.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death muſt coſt,
Becauſe the chain is broke, tho' no link loſt.

ELEGIE ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

Death! be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow;
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to deſtroy the juſt is not thy part.
Thy coming terrour, anguiſh, grief, denounces;
Her happy ſtate courage, eaſe, joy, pronounces.
From out the cryſtal palace of her breaſt
The clearer ſoul was call'd to endleſs reſt,
(Not by the thund'ring voice wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned ſaints in heav'n he treats)
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it thro' many dangers ſought:
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heav'n and it when life did knock.
Nor boaſt the faireſt frame was made thy prey,
Becauſe to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witneſs than thou art aſſures,
That tho' diſſolv'd it yet a ſpace endures;
No dram thereof ſhall want, or loſs ſuſtain,
When her beſt ſoul inhabits it again.

Go then to people curſt before they were,
Their ſouls in triumph to thy conqueſt bear.
Glory not thou thyſelf in theſe hot tears,
Which our face not for her, but our harm, wears.
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our ſouls in theſe ſtreams waſht ſhould be,
And on our hearts, her memorie's beſt tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were thoſe eyes ſaw not how bright did ſhine,
Thro' fleſh's miſty vail, thoſe beams divine;
Deaf were the ears not charm'd with that ſweet ſound
Which did i' th' ſpirit's inſtructed voice abound;
Of flint the conſcience did not yield and melt
At what in her laſt act it ſaw and felt.
 Weep not, nor grudge, then, to have loſt her ſight,
Taught thus our after-ſtay 's but a ſhort night;
But by all ſouls not by corruption choak'd,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invok'd,
Calm the rough ſeas by which ſhe ſails to reſt,
From ſorrows here t' a kingdom ever bleſt;
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and ſing,
"The Grave no conqueſt gets, Death hath no ſting".

ELEGIE ON HIS MISTRESS.

By our firſt ſtrange and fatal interview,
By all deſires which thereof did enſue;

By our long-ſtriving hopes; by that remorſe
Which my words' maſculine perſwaſive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts which ſpies and rivals threaten'd me,
I calmly beg: but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have ſworn to ſeal joynt conſtancy,
I here unſwear, and overſwear them thus;
Thou ſhalt not love by means ſo dangerous.
Temper, O fair Love! love's impetuous rage;
Be my true miſtreſs, not my feigned page.
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurſe in my mind
Thirſt to come back. O! if thou die before,
My ſoul from other lands to thee ſhall ſoar:
Thy (elſe almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the ſeas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harſhneſs: thou haſt read
How roughly he in pieces ſhivered
Fair Orithea, whom he ſwore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 't is madneſs to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery,
That abſent lovers one in th' other be.
Diſſemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit nor mind: be not ſtrange
To thyſelf only: all will ſpy in thy face
A bluſhing womanly diſcovering grace.

Richly cloath'd apes are call'd apes; and as ſoon
Eclips'd as bright we call the moon the moon.
Men of France changeable chameleons,
'Spittles of diſeaſes, ſhops of faſhions,
Love's fuellers, and th' righteſt company
Of players which upon the world's ſtage be,
Will too too quickly know thee: and, alas!
Th' indifferent Italian, as we paſs
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with ſuch luſt and hideous rage
As Lot's fair gueſts were vext: but none of theſe,
Nor ſpungy' hydroptique Dutch, ſhall thee diſpleaſe
If thou ſtay here. O! ſtay here; for for thee
England is only a worthy gallery
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greateſt King call thee to his preſence.
When I am gone dream me ſome happineſs,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confeſs;
Nor praiſe nor diſpraiſe me; nor bleſs nor curſe
Openly Love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurſe
With midnight's ſtartings, crying out, Oh! oh!
Nurſe, oh! my love is ſlain! I ſaw him go
O'er the white Alpes alone; I ſaw him, I,
Aſſail'd, taken, fight, ſtabb'd, bleed, fall, and dye.
Augure me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to' have had thy love.

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this cuſtom break,
When we are ſpeechleſs grown to make ſtones ſpeak;
Tho' no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inſide ſeeſt what thou art now:
Yet thou 'rt not yet ſo good; till death us lay
To ripe and mellow, here we 're ſtubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignifie
Us to be glaſs; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilſt in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls become worm-eaten carcaſſes;
So we ourſelves miraculouſly deſtroy,
Here bodies with leſs miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to ſcale
Heav'n, when the trumpet's ayre ſhall them exhale.
Hear this, and mend thyſelf, and thou mend'ſt me,
By making me, being dead, do good for thee;
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A laſt-ſick hour to ſyllables allow.

ELEGIE.

MADAM,

That I might make your cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my ſoul,
Next to my ſoul provide the happieſt room,
Admit to that place this laſt funeral ſcrowl.

Others by wills give legacies, but I,
Dying, of you do beg a legacy.
My fortune and my will this cuſtom break,
When we are ſenſeleſs grown, to make ſtones ſpeak:
Tho' no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inſide ſee what thou art now.
Yet thou'rt not yet ſo good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there we are ſtubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignifie
Us to be glaſs; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilſt in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls become worm-eaten carcaſſes.

ELEGIE ON THE LORD C.

Sorrow, that to this houſe ſcarce knew the way,
Is, oh! heir of it; our all is his pay.
This ſtrange chance claims ſtrange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be ſo ſtrange as to weep thus.
'Tis well his life's loud-ſpeaking works deſerve
And give praiſe too; our cold tongues could not ſerve:
'Tis well he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have ſtore.
Oh! if a ſweet-bryer climb up by a tree,
If to a paradiſe that tranſplanted be,
Or fell'd and burnt for holy ſacrifice,
Yet that muſt wither which by it did riſe,

As we for him dead, tho' no family
E'er rigg'd a ſoul for heav'n's diſcovery
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their 'ſtates, with him in joy to ſhare.
We loſe, what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worſt foes would allow;
If he could have foes in whoſe practice grew
All virtues whoſe name ſubtle ſchool-men knew.
What eaſe can hope that we ſhall ſee him beget,
When we muſt dye firſt, and cannot dye yet?
His children are his pictures: oh! they be
Pictures of him dead, ſenſleſs, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb ſince he is gone;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to ſtone.

LETTERS

TO SEVERAL

PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK,

From the Island Voyage with the Earl of Essex.

THOU, which art I, ('t is nothing to be fo)
Thou, which art ftill thyfelf, by this fhalt know
Part of our paffage; and a hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn is worth a hiftory
By a worfe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd
My lines are fuch. 'Tis the preheminence
Of friendfhip only t' impute excellence.
England, t' whom we owe what we be and have,
Sad that her fons did feek a foreign grave,
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can gain-fay,
Honour and mis'ry have one face one way)
From out her pregnant entrails figh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble-room did find
Such ftrong refiftance, that itfelf it threw
Downward again; and fo when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leefe,
Withering like pris'ners, which lie but for fees,

Mildly it kiſs'd our ſails, and, freſh and ſweet,
As to a ſtomach ſtarv'd, whoſe inſides meet;
Meat comes, it came, and ſwole our ſails, when we
So joy'd as Sarah her ſwelling joy'd to ſee;
But 't was but ſo kind as our countrymen, [then.
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Aſunder meet againſt a third to war,
The ſouth and weſt winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
Like ſhot not fear'd till felt, our ſails aſſail;
And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame
Hath now a Storm's, anon a tempeſt's name.
Jonas! I pity thee, and curſe thoſe men
Who, when the ſtorm rag'd moſt, did wake thee then.
Sleep is pain's eaſieſt ſalve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I ſaw that I ſaw not;
I and the ſun, which ſhould teach me, had forgot
Eaſt, weſt, day, night; and I could only ſay,
Had the world laſted, that it had been day.
Thouſands our noiſes were, yet we 'mongſt all
Could none by his right name but thunder call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the ſun had drunk the ſea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, 'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt die:

And as ſin-burden'd ſouls from graves will creep
At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peep,
And, trembling, aſk what news? and do hear ſo
As jealous huſbands, what they would not know.
Some, ſitting on the hatches, would ſeem there,
With hideous gazing, to fear away Fear:
There note they the ſhip's ſickneſſes, the maſt
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waiſt
With a ſalt dropſie clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-ſtretch'd treble ſtrings,
And from our tatter'd ſails rags drop down ſo
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago:
Yea, ev'n our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break looſe, and 'ſcape away from thence:
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what 's the gain?
Seas into ſeas thrown we ſuck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our ſailors; and if they
Knew how to hear, there 's none knows what to ſay.
Compar'd to theſe Storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell ſomewhat lightſome, the Bermudas' calm.
Darkneſs, Light's eldeſt brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; ſo that we, except God ſay
Another Fiat, ſhall have no more day:
So violent yet long theſe furies be,
That tho' thine abſence ſtarve me I wiſh not thee.

THE CALM.

Our ſtorm is paſt, and that ſtorm's tyrannous rage
A ſtupid Calm, but nothing it doth 'ſwage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now then a ſtork before.
Storms chafe, and ſoon wear out themſelves or us;
In Calms Heaven laughs to ſee us languiſh thus.
As ſteady as I could wiſh my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy miſtreſs' glaſs, or what ſhines there,
The ſea is now, and as the iſles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ſhips rooted be.
As water did in ſtorms, now pitch runs out;
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one ſpout;
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now ſeamen's rage ſupply,
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No uſe of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and duſt to-day and yeſterday.
Earth's hollowneſſes, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor loſt friends nor ſought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, ſave that we move not, hover:
Only the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fiſhes' maws,
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own prieſt and own ſacrifice.

Who live that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despight of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherds' scoff;
Or like slack sinew'd Samson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
Of ants durst th' Emperor's lov'd snake invade,
The crawling gallies, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd and loving, or the thirst
Of honour or fair death outpusht me first,
I lose my end; for here, as well as I,
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtilely lay
A scourge 'gainst which we all forgot to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now than before he was he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance or ourselves still disproportion it.

We have no power, no will, no ſenſe. I lie;
I ſhould not then thus feel this miſery.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir, more than kiſſes letters mingle ſouls,
For thus friends abſent ſpeak. This eaſe controuls
The tedious neſs of my life: but for theſe
I could invent nothing at all to pleaſe;
But I ſhould wither in one day, and paſs
To a lock of hay that am a bottle of graſs.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
They break or ſtop all ſhips, yet our ſtate's ſuch
That (tho' than pitch they ſtain worſe) we muſt touch.
If in the furnace of the even Line,
Or under th' adverſe icy Pole, thou pine,
Thou know'ſt two temperate regions girded in
Dwell there; but, oh! what refuge canſt thou win
Parch'd in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extreams be choſen?
Can dung or garlike be' a perfume? or can
A ſcorpion or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worſt of all three: of all three?
(O knotty riddle!) each is worſt equally.
Cities are ſepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcaſſes, as if none ſuch there were:
And courts are theatres where ſome men play
Princes, ſome ſlaves, and all end in one day.

The country is a deſert where the good
Gain'd inhabits not; born is not underſtood:
There men become beaſts, and, prone to all evils,
In cities blocks, and in a lewd court devils.
As in the firſt chaos confuſedly
Each element's qualities were in th' other three;
So pride, luſt, covetize, being ſeveral
To theſe three places, yet all are in all,
And, mingled thus, their iſſue is inceſtuous;
Falſhood is denizon'd, Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man ſay there Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
Men are ſpunges, which to pour out receive;
Who know falſe play rather than loſe deceive:
For in beſt underſtandings ſin began;
Angels ſinn'd firſt, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beaſts ſin not; wretched we
Are beaſts in all but white Integrity.
I think if men, which in theſe places live,
Durſt look in themſelves, and themſelves retrieve,
They would, like ſtrangers, greet themſelves, ſeeing
Utopian youth grown old Italian. [then
  Be then thine own home, and in thyſelf dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh hell:
And ſeeing the ſnail, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his own houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home,
Follow (for he is eaſie pac'd) this ſnail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol:

And in the world's ſea do not, like cork, ſleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line; but as
Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſs,
Nor making ſound, ſo cloſely thy courſe go;
Let men diſpute whether thou breathe or no;
Only' in this be no Galeniſt. To make
Courts' hot ambitions wholeſome, do not take
A dram of country's dulneſs; do not add
Correctives, but as chymiques purge the bad.
But, Sir, I adviſe not you; I rather do
Say o'er thoſe leſſons which I learn'd of you,
Whom, free from Germany's ſchiſms, and lightneſs
Of France, and fair Italy's faithleſſneſs,
Having from theſe ſuck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
I th'roughly love; but if myſelf I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HERE 's no more news than virtue; I may as well
Tell you Calais or Saint Michael's Mount, as tell
That Vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get ſtomachs, we walk up and down,
And toyl to ſweeten reſt; ſo may God frown,
If but to loath both I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reaſon free,
But that the next to him ſtill 's worſe than he.

In this world's warfare they whom rugged Fate
(God's Commiſſary) doth ſo th'roughly hate
As i' th' court's ſquadron to marſhal their ſtate;

If they ſtand arm'd with ſilly honeſty,
With wiſhing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainſt Spaniſh hoſts they be.

Suſpicious boldneſs to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me, Sir, in my youth's giddieſt days,
When to be like the court was a player's praiſe,
Plays were not ſo like courts as courts like plays.

Then let us at theſe mimique antiques jeſt,
Whoſe deepeſt projects and egregious geſts
Are but dull morals at a game at cheſs.

But 't is an incongruity to ſmile;
Therefore I end, and bid farewell a while
At court, tho' from court were the better ſtile.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON,

AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

After thoſe rev'rend papers, whoſe ſoul is
Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almoſt the ſame,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the ſame warm and dazling ſun, tho' it
Muſt in another ſphear his virtue ſtream:

After thoſe learned papers, which your hand
Hath ſtor'd with notes of uſe and pleaſure too,
From which rich treaſury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After thoſe loving papers which friends ſend
With glad grief to your ſea-ward ſteps farewell,
Which thicken on you now as pray'rs aſcend
To heaven in troops at a good man's paſſing bell;

Admit this honeſt paper, and allow
It ſuch an audience as yourſelf would aſk;
What you muſt ſay at Venice this means now,
And hath for nature what you have for taſk.

To ſwear much love, not to be chang'd before,
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor ſhall I then honour your fortune more
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 't is an eaſier load (tho' both oppreſs)
To want than govern greatneſs; for we are
In that our own and only buſineſs;
In this we muſt for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your ſpirits now are plac'd
In their laſt furnace, in activity,
Which fits them (ſchools, and courts, and wars, o'er-
To touch and taſte in any beſt degree. [paſt)

For me, (if there be ſuch a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be ſuch a thing as ſhe)
Spies that I bear ſo well her tyranny,
That ſhe thinks nothing elſe ſo fit for me.

But tho' ſhe part us, to hear my oft' prayers
For your increaſe, God is as near me here;
And to ſend you what I ſhall beg, his ſtairs
In length and eaſe are alike every where.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

Who makes the laſt a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but ſtill the ſame things reads;
Seen things he ſees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it ſhould be,
Leaves growing, and ſtands ſuch, or elſe decays:
But he which dwells there is not ſo; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raiſe.

So had your body' her morning, hath her noon,
And ſhall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger gueſt, to whom ſun and moon
Are ſparks, and ſhort liv'd, claims another right.

The noble ſoul by age grows luſtier;
Her appetite and her digeſtion mend:
We muſt not ſtarve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have ſeen
All libraries, which are ſchools, camps and courts;
But aſk your garners if you have not been
In harveſt too indulgent to your ſports?

Would you redeem it? then yourſelf tranſplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandiſh ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more ſcant
Are thoſe diverſions there which here abound.

To be a ſtranger hath that benefit;
We can beginnings but not habits choak.
Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they preſcribe to us, are ſmoak.

Our ſoul, whoſe country's heav'n, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's ſink, is ſent;
Yet ſo much in her travail ſhe doth gather,
That ſhe returns home wiſer than ſhe went.

It pays you well if it teach you to ſpare,
And make you' aſham'd to make your hawk's praiſe your's,
Which when herſelf ſhe leſſens in the air,
You then firſt ſay that high enough ſhe tow'rs.

However, keep the lively taſte you hold
Of God; love him now, but fear him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falſhood like a diſcord anger you;
Elſe be not froward. But why do I touch
Things of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promiſe, Sir;
Riding I had you, tho' you ſtill ſtay'd there;
And in theſe thoughts, altho' you never ſtir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

LIKE one who' in her third widowhood doth profeſs
Herſelf a Nun, ty'd to retiredneſs,
So' affects my Muſe now a chaſt fallowneſs;

Since ſhe to few, yet to too many', hath ſhown
How love-ſong weeds and ſatyrique thorns are grown
Where ſeeds of better arts were early ſown.

Tho' to uſe and love poetry to me,
Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery,
Omiſſions of good ill as ill deeds be.

For tho' to us it ſeem but light and thin,
Yet in thoſe faithful ſcales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as ſin.

If our ſouls have ſtain'd their firſt white, yet we
May cloath them with faith and dear honeſty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue but religion:
Wife, valiant, fober, juft, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering difcretion.

Seek we then ourfelves in ourfelves; for as
Men force the fun with much more force to pafs,
By gathering his beams with a chryftal glafs;

So we (if we into ourfelves will turn,
Blowing our fpark of virtue) may out-burn
The ftraw which doth about our hearts fojourn.

You know, phyficians, when they would infufe
Into any' oyl the fouls of fimples, ufe
Places where they may lie ftill warm, to chufe;

So works retirednefs in us. To rome
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a banifhment become.

We are but farmers of ourfelves; yet may,
If we can ftock ourfelves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treafure, for the great rent day.

Manure thyfelf then; to thyfelf b' improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

Reason is our ſoul's left hand, Faith her right;
By theſe we reach divinity, that 's you:
Their loves, who have the bleſſing of your light,
Grew from their reaſon; mine from fair Faith grew.

But as altho' a ſquint left-handedneſs
Be' ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand;
So would I (not t' encreaſe, but to expreſs
My faith) as I believe ſo underſtand.

Therefore I ſtudy you firſt in your ſaints,
Thoſe friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, acceſſes and reſtraints,
And what you read, and what yourſelf deviſe.

But ſoon the reaſons why you 're lov'd by all
Grow infinite, and ſo paſs reaſon's reach;
Then back again t' implicit faith I fall,
And reſt on what the catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good; and not one heretique
Denies it; if he did, yet you are ſo:
For rocks, which high do ſeem, deep-rooted ſtick,
Waves waſh, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
A balſamum, to keep it freſh and new,
If 't were not injur'd by extrinſique blows;
Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning, and religion,
And virtue', and ſuch ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whoſe operation
Keeps off or cures what can be done or ſaid.

Yet this is not your phyſick but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The firſt good angel, ſince the world's frame ſtood,
That ever did in woman's ſhape appear.

Since you are then God's maſter-piece, and ſo
His factor for our loves, do, as you do,
Make your return home gracious, and beſtow
This life on that, ſo make one life of two:
For ſo, God help me! I would not miſs you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have refin'd me, and to worthieſt things;
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune; now I ſee
Rareneſs or uſe, not nature, value brings,
And ſuch as they are circumſtanc'd they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us ſin t' excuſe,
But of two good things we may leave or chuſe.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
Where a tranſcendent height (as lowneſs me)
Makes her not ſee, or not ſhow, all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rareſt be;
For as dark texts need notes, ſome there muſt be
To uſher virtue, and ſay, This is ſhe:

So in the country's beauty. To this place
You are the ſeaſon, (Madam!) you the day;
'Tis but a grave of ſpices till your face
Exhale them, and a thick cloſe bud diſplay.
Widow'd and reclus'd, elſe her ſweets ſhe' enſhrines,
As China, when the ſun at Braſil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
And falſifies both computations ſo,
Since a new world doth riſe here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This ſhews that you from Nature lothly ſtray,
That ſuffer not an artificial day.

In this you've made the court th' antipodes,
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do prophane autumnal offices,
Whilſt here to you we ſacrificers run;
And whether prieſts or organs you we' obey,
We ſound your influence, and your dictates ſay.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous ſoul, I now not ſacrifice;
Theſe are petitions, and not hymns; they ſue
But that I may ſurvey the edifice.
In all religions as much care hath been
Of temples' frames and beauty' as rites within.

As all which go to Rome do not thereby
Eſteem religions, and hold faſt the beſt,
But ſerve diſcourſe and curioſity
With that which doth religion but inveſt,
And ſhun th' entangling labyrinths of ſchools,
And make it wit to think the wiſer fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you're Virtue's temple, not as ſhe;
What walls of tender cryſtal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, boſom, her pure altars be;
And after this ſurvey oppoſe to all
Builders of chappels you, th' Eſcurial;

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly' as fair:
On these I cast a lay and country eye:
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record and prophesy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript and original;
The elements, the parent, and the growth,
And every piece of you is worth their all.
So' intire are all your deeds and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest school divinity
Serves heresie to further or repress)
Taste of poetique rage or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft' from new proofs and new phrase new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busie praise and all appeal
To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The myne, the magazine, the common-weal,
The story of beauty', in Twicknam is and you.
Who hath seen one would both; as who hath been
In Paradise would seek the cherubin.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

To have written then, when you writ, ſeem'd to me
Worſt of ſpiritual vices, Simony;
And not to have written then ſeems little leſs
Than worſt of civil vices, thankleſſneſs.
In this my debt I ſeem'd loth to confeſs,
In that I ſeem'd to ſhun beholdingneſs;
But 't is not ſo. Nothings, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more,
By having leave to write ſo, than before.
Yet ſince rich mynes in barren grounds are ſhown,
May not I yield not gold, but coal or ſtone?
Temples were not demoliſh'd, tho' prophane;
Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dina's fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuſe,
In me you 'ave hallowed a Pagan Muſe,
And denizon'd a ſtranger, who, miſ-taught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath ſought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's beſt part, or all it, you.
I have been told that virtue in courtiers' hearts
Suffers an oſtraciſm, and departs:
Profit, eaſe, fitneſs, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know:

Your, or you virtue, two vaſt uſes ſerves,
It ranſoms one ſex, and one court preſerves;
There's nothing but your worth, which, being true,
Is known to any other, not to you;
And you can never know it: to admit
No knowledge of your worth is ſome of it:
But ſince to you your praiſes diſcords be,
Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.
Oh! to confeſs we know not what we ſhould,
Is half excuſe we know not what we would.
Lightneſs depreſſeth us, emptineſs fills;
We ſweat and faint, yet ſtill go down the hills.
As new philoſophy arreſts the ſun,
And bids the paſſive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends,
Only the body 's buſie, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipſes and controuls
The quick high moon, ſo doth the body ſouls.
In none but us are ſuch mixt engines found,
As hands of double office; for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raiſe;
Who pray'rleſs labours, or without theſe prays,
Doth but one half, that's none. He which ſaid, Plough,
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good ſeed degenerates, and oft' obeys
The ſoil's diſeaſe, and into cockle ſtrays.
Let the mind's thoughts be but tranſplanted ſo
Into the body, and baſtardly they grow.

What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
Thefe, not ingrav'd, but inborn dignities,
Cafkets of fouls, temples, and palaces:
For bodies fhall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preferv'd, born naturally free.
As men t' our prifons now, fouls t' us are fent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
Firft feeds of every creature are in us:
Whate'er the world hath bad or precious
Man's body can produce; hence hath it been
That ftones, worms, frogs, and fnakes, in man are feen:
But whoe'er faw, tho' Nature can work fo,
That pearl, or gold, or corn, in man did grow?
We 'ave added to the world Virginia, and fent
Two new ftars lately to the firmament.
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
To' increafe with ours thofe fair fouls' company?
But I muft end this letter; tho' it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath fome perverfenefs; for fhe will
Neither believe her good nor others' ill.
Even in you, Virtue's beft paradife,
Virtue hath fome, but wife, degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjuft fufpicion;
And ignorance of vice makes virtue lefs,
Quenching compaffion of our wretchednefs.

But these are riddles. Some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad:
For so ill thralls not them, but they tame Ill,
And make her do much good against her will;
But in your common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

This twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, (meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
Whose what and where in disputation is)
If I should call me any thing, should miss.

I sum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new:
That cannot say my thanks I have forgot;
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true;
This bravery 's since these times shewed me you.

In recompence I would shew future times
What you were, and teach them t' urge towards such.

Verse embalms Virtue; and tombs or thrones of rhymes
Preserve frail transitory fame as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast
New spirits; for strong agents with the same
Force that doth warm and cherish us do waste;
Kept hot with strong extracts no bodies last.

So my verse, built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place;
And you and it too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)
Should name, know, or express, a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft', when such a heart mis-says,
To make it good; for such a praiser prays.

He will beſt teach you how you ſhould lay out
His ſtock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex ſecurity with doubt,
And clear thoſe doubts; hide from you, and ſhew you good,
And ſo increaſe your appetite and food.

He will teach you that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloyſters and in court:
Indifferent there the greateſt ſpace hath got;
Some pity's not good there, ſome vain diſport;
On this ſide ſin with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds ſeas, will fix your hours,
Which pleaſure and delight may not ingreſs;
And tho' what none elſe loſt be trulieſt your's,
He will make you what you did not poſſeſs,
By uſing others' (not vice, but) weakneſs.

He will make you ſpeak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not ſo:
He will provide you keys and locks, to ſpy,
And 'ſcape ſpies, to good ends; and he will ſhow
What you will not acknowledge, what not know:

For your own conſcience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a diſcreet warineſs;
And (tho' to 'ſcape than to revenge offence
Be better) he ſhews both; and to repreſs
Joy when your ſtate ſwells, ſadneſs when 't is leſs.

From need of tears he will defend your foul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear:
He cannot (that 's, he will not) dif-inroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Gofpel, then 't is our new-year.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Honour is fo fublime perfection,
And fo refin'd, that when God was alone,
And creaturelefs at firft, himfelf had none:

But as of th' elements thefe, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we 're joy'd or fed;
And thofe are barren both above our head;

So from low perfons doth all honour flow:
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us fhow,
And but direct our honour, not beftow.

For when from herbs the pure part muft be won
From grofs by 'ftilling, this is better done
By defpis'd dung than by the fire or fun.

Care not, then, Madam, how low your praifes lye;
In labourers' ballads oft' more piety
God finds, than in *Te Deum*'s melody.

And ordnance rais'd on tow'rs ſo many mile
Send not their voice, nor laſt ſo long a while,
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in Sicil Iſle.

Should I ſay I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds ſubdue
But one: 't is beſt light to contemplate you.

You, for whoſe body God made better clay,
Or took ſouls' ſtuff, ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as needs ſmall change at the laſt day.

This, as an amber-drop enwraps a bee,
Covering diſcovers your quick ſoul, that we
May in your th'rough-ſhine front our hearts' thoughts ſee.

You teach (tho' we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the uſe of ſpecular ſtone,
Thro' which all things within without were ſhown.

Of ſuch were temples; ſo and ſuch you are;
Being and ſeeming is your equal care,
And virtue's whole ſum is but know and dare.

Diſcretion is a wiſe man's ſoul, and ſo
Religion is a Chriſtian's; and you know
How theſe are one: her Yea is not her No.

But as our ſouls of growth and ſouls of ſenſe
Have birthright of our reaſon's ſoul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor ſeek precedence.

Nature's firſt leſſon, ſo Diſcretion
Muſt not grudge Zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not baniſh itſelf, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to ſolder ſtill and knit
Theſe two, and dare to break them; nor muſt Wit
Be collegue to Religion, but be it.

In thoſe poor types of God, (round circles) ſo
Religion's types the pieceleſs centers flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways Diſcretion.

Go thither ſtill, go the ſame way you went;
Who ſo would change doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

Tho' I be dead and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) court enough in my grave;
As oft' as there I think myſelf to be,
So many reſurrections waken me:
That thankfulneſs your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot.
This ſeaſon, as 't is Eaſter, as 't is ſpring,
Muſt both to growth and to confeſſion bring
My thoughts diſpos'd unto your influence, ſo
Theſe verſes bud, ſo theſe confeſſions grow.
Firſt I confeſs I have to others lent
Your ſtock, and over prodigally ſpent
Your treaſure; for ſince I had never known
Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown
In you, I ſhould not think or ſay they ſhine
(So as I have) in any other myne.
Next I confeſs this my confeſſion,
For 't is ſome fault thus much to touch upon
Your praiſe to you, where half rights ſeem too much,
And make your mind's ſincere complexion bluſh.
Next I confeſs my' impenitence, for I
Can ſcarce repent my firſt fault, ſince thereby
Remote low ſpirits, which ſhall ne'er read you,
May in leſs leſſons find enough to do
By ſtudying copies, not originals.

Deſunt cætera.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

You, that are ſhe and you, that's double ſhe,
In her dead face half of yourſelf ſhall ſee;
She was the other part; for ſo they do
Which build them friendſhips, become one of two;
So two, that but themſelves no third can fit,
Which were to be ſo, when they were not yet
Twins, tho' their birth Cuſco and Muſco take,
As divers ſtars one conſtellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, ſo
Both but one means to ſee, one way to go.
Had you dy'd firſt, a carcaſs ſhe had been,
And we your rich tomb in her face had ſeen.
She, like the ſoul, is gone, and you here ſtay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay:
And ſince you act that part, as men ſay, Here
Lies ſuch a prince, when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, ſo we all rev'rence you;
For ſuch a friendſhip who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before?
Not all, as if ſome periſhed by this,
But ſo as all in you contracted is:
As of this all, tho' many parts decay,
The pure, which elemented them, ſhall ſtay;
And tho' diffus'd and ſpread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one all unite.

So, Madam, as her ſoul to heav'n is fled,
Her fleſh reſts in the earth, as in the bed;
Her virtues do, as to their proper ſphear,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their ſea, whence leſs ſtreams are.
She was all ſpices, you all metals; ſo
In you two we did both rich Indias know:
And as no fire nor ruſt can ſpend or waſte
One dram of gold, but what was firſt ſhall laſt,
Tho' it be forc'd in water, earth, ſalt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So to yourſelf you may additions take,
But nothing can you leſs or changed make.
Seek not, in ſeeking new, to ſeem to doubt
That you can match her, or not be without,
But let ſome faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of Judith no ſuch book as ſhe.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY,

Being at the ſiege of Julyers.

Man is a lump, where all beaſts kneaded be;
Wiſdom makes him an ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom theſe beaſts do live at jar,
Is ſport to others, and a theater;
Nor 'ſcapes he ſo, but is himſelf their prey;
All which was man in him is ate away;

And now his beaſts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monſters breed.
How happy 's he which hath due place aſſign'd
To' his beaſts, and diſaforeſted his mind!
Empal'd himſelf to keep them out, not in;
Can ſow, and dares truſt corn, where they have been;
Can uſe his horſe, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beaſt,
And is not aſs himſelf to all the reſt!
Elſe man not only is the herd of ſwine,
But he 's thoſe devils too which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worſe;
For man can add weight to Heav'n's heavieſt curſe.
As ſouls (they ſay) by our firſt touch take in
The poyſonous tincture of original ſin,
So to the puniſhments which God doth fling
Our apprehenſion contributes the ſting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth caſt
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taſte:
We do infuſe to what he meant for meat
Corroſiveneſs, or intenſe cold or heat:
For God no ſuch ſpecifique poyſon hath
As kills, men know not how; his fierceſt wrath
Hath no antipathy; but may be good
At leaſt for phyſick, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be' his pleaſure is his rod,
And is his devil that might be his God.
Since then our bus'neſs is to rectify
Nature to what ſhe was, we 're led awry

By them who man to us in little ſhow;
Greater than due no form we can beſtow
On him, for man into himſelf can draw
All; all his faith can ſwallow or reaſon chaw;
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill;
All the round world to man is but a pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poyſonous, or purgative, or cordial:
For knowledge kindles calentures in ſome,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true is that profeſſion then
Which you do uſe to make, that you know man:
This makes it credible you' have dwelt upon
All worthy books, and now are ſuch an one.
Actions are authors, and of thoſe in you
Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

MAN to God's image, Eve to man's, was made,
Nor find we that God breath'd a ſoul in her;
Canons will not church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant tranſitory comets ſees
Wonders, becauſe they 're rare; but a new ſtar,
Whoſe motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle, for there no new things are.

In women ſo perchance mild innocence
A ſeldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reaſon 'ſcapes and ſenſe,
For art and nature this in them withſtood.

As ſuch a ſtar the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant God below,
By virtue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt ſouls, and the worſt, may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the ſun's fall, which now t'wards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that Virtue, ſince ſhe fell
So low as woman, ſhould be near her end.

But ſhe's not ſtoop'd, but rais'd: exil'd by men
She fled to heav'n, that's heav'nly things, that's you;
She was in all men thinly ſcatter'd then,
But now a maſs contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and ſhe
Informed us, but tranſubſtantiates you.
Soft diſpoſitions, which ductile be,
Elixir-like, ſhe makes not clean, but new.

Tho' you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not ſo;
But Virtue, having made you virtue, is fain
To' adhere in theſe names, her and you to ſhow;

Elſe, being alike pure, we ſhould neither ſee,
As water being into air rarify'd,
Neither appear till in one cloud they be,
So for our ſakes you do low names abide:

Taught by great conſtellations (which, being fram'd
Of the moſt ſtars, take low names Crab and Bull,
When ſingle planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vale of kindred others ſee:
To ſome you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prince far off to me.

To whom, becauſe from you all virtues flow,
And 't is not none to dare contemplate you,
I, which do ſo, as your true ſubject, owe
Some tribute for that; ſo theſe Lines are due.

If you can think theſe flatteries they are,
For then your judgment is below my praiſe:
If they were ſo, oft' flatteries work as far
As counſels, and as far th' endeavour raiſe.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poyſon'd fountain ſtill;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood,
Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any 't is not you,
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce that all these praises should be true,
And virtue should your beauty' and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophesies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God should not be honoured too,
And all these gifts confess'd which he instill'd,
Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this,
Or mouth and speaker of the universe,
A ministerial notary; for 't is
Not I, but you and Fame, that make this verse.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
Before he ate; man's shape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' company)
So naked at this day, as tho' man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree;

Depriv'd of that free ſtate which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the ſin.
  But as from extream hights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's ſhapes, rivers as brooks,
And loſeth younger forms; ſo to your eye
Theſe, (Madam!) that without your diſtance lie,
Muſt either miſt or nothing ſeem to be,
Who are at home but wit's mere *atomi.*
But I, who can behold them move and ſtay,
Have found myſelf to you juſt their midway,
And now muſt pity them; for as they do
Seem ſick to me, juſt ſo muſt I to you;
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to ſee
A ſighing ode nor croſs-arm'd elegie.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like ſome white-liver'd dotard, that would part
Elſe from his ſlippery ſoul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you ſmile) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempeſt of a frown;
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Tho' I can pity thoſe ſigh twice a-day,
I hate that thing whiſpers itſelf away.
Yet ſince all love is feveriſh, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with ſuch fatal weakneſs made,
That it deſtroys itſelf with its own ſhade.
Who firſt look't ſad, griev'd, pin'd, and ſhew'd his
Was he that firſt taught women to diſdain. [pain,

As all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw diſorder'd heap did break,
And ſeveral deſires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did ſtay,
Fire roſe, and each from other but unty'd,
Themſelves unpriſon'd were and purify'd;
So was love, firſt in vaſt confuſion hid,
An unripe willingneſs which nothing did;
A thirſt, an appetite which had no eaſe,
That found a want, but knew not what would pleaſe.
What pretty innocence in that day mov'd,
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd!
Both ſigh'd and interchang'd a ſpeaking eye,
Both trembled and were ſick, yet knew not why.
That natural fearfulneſs that ſtruck man dumb,
Might well (thoſe times conſider'd) man become.
As all diſcoverers, whoſe firſt eſſay
Finds but the place, after the neareſt way;
So paſſion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we firſt ſet out.
It is not love that ſues or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part conſiſts of purer fire,
And finds itſelf allow'd ere it deſire.
Love is wiſe here, keeps home, gives reaſon ſway,
And journies not till it find ſummer-way.
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is ſport for every girl to practiſe on.

Who ſtrives thro' woman's ſcorns women to know,
Is loſt, and ſeeks his ſhadow to outgo;
It is meer ſickneſs after one diſdain,
Tho' he be call'd aloud to look again.
Let others ſin and grieve; one cunning ſlight
Shall freeze my love to cryſtal in a night.
I can love firſt, and (if I win) love ſtill,
And cannot be remov'd, unleſs ſhe will.
It is her fault if I unſure remain;
She only can unty, I bind again.
The honeſties of love with eaſe I do,
But am no porter for a tedious wooe.
   But, Madam, I now think on you; and here,
Where we are at our heights, you but appear.
We are but clouds, you riſe from our noon-ray,
But a foul ſhadow, not your break of day.
You are at firſt-hand all that 's fair and right,
And others' good reflects but back your light:
You are a perfectneſs, ſo curious hit,
That youngeſt flatteries do ſcandal it;
For what is more doth what you are reſtrain,
And tho' beyond, is down the hill again.
We have no next way to you, we croſs to 't;
You are the ſtraight line, thing prais'd, attribute:
Each good in you 's a light; ſo many a ſhade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
Theſe are your pictures to the life. From far
We ſee you move, and here your zances are;

So that no fountain good there is doth grow
In you but our dim actions faintly ſhow.
Then find I, if man's nobleſt part be love,
Your pureſt luſtre muſt that ſhadow move.
The ſoul with body is a heav'n combin'd
With earth, and for man's eaſe nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts, the ſtars of ſoul, we underſtand,
We gueſs not their large natures, but command;
And love in you that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite;
Whoſe heat doth force us thither to intend,
But ſoul we find too earthly to aſcend,
Till ſlow acceſs hath madei t wholly pure,
Able immortal clearneſs to endure.
Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,
And leave his nature to converſe with fire.
Such may have eye and hand, may ſigh, may ſpeak,
But like ſwoln bubbles, when they 're high'ſt they [break.
Tho' far removed northern iſles ſcarce find
The ſun's comfort, yet ſome think him too kind.
There is an equal diſtance from her eye;
Men periſh too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the ſun-beams equal bright
From the rays firſt to his laſt oppoſite,

So happy man, bleſt with a virtuous love,
Remote or near, or howſoe'er they move,
Their virtue breaks all clouds that might annoy;
There is no emptineſs, but all is joy.
He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
To ſtile his wand'ring rage of paſſion Love.
Love, that imports in every thing delight,
Is fancied by the ſoul, not appetite;
Why love among the virtues is not known
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

TO MR. J. W.

All hail, ſweet Poet! and full of more ſtrong fire
Than hath or ſhall enkindle my dull ſpirit,
I lov'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not but admire.
Who have before or ſhall write after thee,
Their works, tho' toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm ſtay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men ſay, and truly, that they better be
Which be envy'd than pitied; therefore I,
Becauſe I wiſh the beſt, do thee envy.
O! wouldſt thou by like reaſon pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!

(But for thy grace got in the Muſe's ſchool)
A monſter and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh! how I grieve that late-born modeſty
Hath got ſuch root in eaſie waxen hearts,
That men may not themſelves their own good parts
Extol without ſuſpect of ſurquedry:
For but thyſelf no ſubject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill reſound
Thy worth but thine. How good it were to ſee
A poem in thy praiſe, and writ by thee!

Now if this ſong be too harſh for rhyme, yet as
The painter's bad god made a good devil,
It will be good proſe, altho' the verſe be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme as thou doſt paſs,
Then write, that I may follow, and ſo be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foyl, thy zanee.
I ſhall be thought (if mine like thine I ſhape)
All the world's lyon, tho' I be thy ape.

TO MR. T. W.

HASTE thee, harſh Verſe! as faſt as thy lame meaſure
Will give thee leave, to him; my pain and pleaſure
I'ave given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reaſoning ſoul, and tongue to ſpeak.
Tell him all queſtions which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;

And 't is decreed our hell is but privation
Of him, at leaſt in this earth's habitation;
And 't is where I am, where in every ſtreet
Infections follow, overtake, and meet.
Live I or dye, by you my love is ſent;
You are my pawns, or elſe my teſtament.

TO MR. T. W.

PREGNANT again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft' have I aſkt for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;

As in our ſtreets ſly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And ever more conceive ſome hope thereby.

And now thy alms is giv'n, the letter 's read,
The body riſen again the which was dead,
And thy poor ſtarveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my ſoul doth ſay grace,
And praiſe thee for 't, and zealouſly embrace
Thy love; tho' I think thy love in this caſe
To be as gluttons, which ſay, amidſt their meat,
They love that beſt of which they moſt do eat.

INCERTO.

At once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my ſoft ſtill walks, they to my heart;
I to the nurſe, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm houſe, tho' the carpenter
Periſh, doth ſtand; as an ambaſſador
Lies ſafe, howe'er his king be in danger;

So, tho' I languiſh, preſt with melancholy,
My verſe, the ſtrict map of my miſery,
Shall live to ſee that for whoſe want I dye.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent
That from unhappy me things happy' are ſent:
Yet as a picture or bare ſacrament
Accept theſe lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, beſtow that love on me.

TO MR. C. B.

Thy friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcuſable occaſion,
Thee and the ſaint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love I bear to both ſuſtain

No blot nor maim by this divifion;
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And ftrong that love purfu'd with amorous pain;
But tho' befides myfelf I leave behind,
Heav'n's liberal and the thrice fair fun,
Going to where ftarv'd winter aye doth won,
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my fad mind,
Do fend forth fcalding fighs, which have the art
To melt all ice but that which walls her heart.

TO MR. S. B.

O THOU! which to fearch out the fecret parts
Of th' India, or rather Paradife
Of knowledge, haft with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vaft fea of arts,
Difdain not in thy conftant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into lefs creeks, and wifely take
Frefh water at the Heliconian fpring.
I fing not Siren-like to tempt, for I
Am harfh; nor as thofe fchifmatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But feeing in you bright fparks of poetry,
I, tho' I brought no fuel, had defire
With thefe articulate blafts to blow the fire.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience
Yet ſatisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Full fill'd with honey, which thou doſt derive
From the arts' ſpirits and their quinteſſence?
Then wean thyſelf at laſt, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge, thy old nurſe; and as the reſt
Here toughly chew and ſturdily digeſt
Th' immenſe vaſt volumes of our Common Law;
And begin ſoon, leſt my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that which I ſhould have begun
In my youth's morning, now late muſt be done;
And I, as giddy travellers muſt do,
Which ſtray or ſleep all day, and having loſt
Light and ſtrength, dark and tir'd muſt then ride poſt.

If thou unto thy Muſe be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
Be far from me that ſtrange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood.
My nurſe, (for I had one) becauſe I'm cold,
Divorc'd herſelf; the cauſe being in me,
That I can take no new in bigamy;
Not my will only, but pow'r, doth withhold:
Hence comes it that theſe rhymes, which never had

Mother, want matter; and they only have
A little form, the which their father gave:
They are prophane, imperfect, oh! too bad
To be counted children of Poetry,
Except confirm'd and biſhopped by thee.

TO MR. R. W.

If, as mine is, thy life a ſlumber be,
Seem, when thou read'ſt theſe lines, to dream of me:
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes ſo like thoſe ſhapes whom they would appear,
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind, and wit;
It is my Deed of Gift of me to thee;
It is my will, myſelf the legacy:
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wiſe melancholy;
That I rejoyce that unto where thou art,
Tho' I ſtay here, I can thus ſend my heart,
As kindly as any enamour'd patient
His picture to his abſent love hath ſent.
All news I think ſooner reach thee than me;
Havens are heav'ns, and ſhips wing'd angels be,
The which both goſpel and ſtern threat'nings bring;
Guiana's harveſt is nipt in the ſpring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals ſo,
As with the Jews' guide God did; he did ſhow

Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our ſlowneſs is our puniſhment and ſin.
Perchance, theſe Spaniſh bus'neſſes being done,
Which as the earth between the moon and ſun
Eclipſe the light which Guiana would give,
Our diſcontinued hopes we ſhall retrieve;
But if (as all th' all muſt) hopes ſmoak away,
Is not almighty Virtue an India?
  If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to anſwer in ſome proportion
All the world's riches; and in good men this
Virtue our form's form, and our ſoul's ſoul is.

TO MR. J. L.

Of that ſhort roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart,
Whether in th' Engliſh provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
There 's none that ſometimes greets us not; and yet
Your Trent is Lethe', that paſt us you forget.
You do not duties of ſocieties,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe,
View your fat beaſts, ſtretched barns, and labour'd fields,
Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields,
And then again to your imbracements go;
Some hours on us your friends, and ſome beſtow
Upon your Muſe; elſe both we ſhall repent,
I that my love, ſhe that her gifts, on you are ſpent.

TO MR. J. P.

Blest are your north parts, for all this long time
My fun is with you cold and dark 's our clime.
Heav'n's fun, which ftay'd fo long from us this year,
Stay'd in your north, (I think) for fhe was there,
And hither, by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens peftilence;
Yet I, as long as fhe from hence doth ftay,
Think this no fouth, no fummer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There facrifice it to that beauteous fun;
So may thy paftures with their flowery feafts,
As fuddenly as lard, fat thy lean beafts;
So may thy woods, oft' poll'd, yet ever wear
A green and (when fhe lift) a golden hair;
So may all thy fheep bring forth twins; and fo
In chafe and race may thy horfe all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold,
Thy fon ne'er ward, thy lov'd wife ne'er feem old;
But may'ft thou wifh great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'ft her, and none but her, my pain.

TO MRS. M. H.

Mad Paper! ftay, and grudge not here to burn
With all thofe fons whom thy brain did create;
At leaft lie hid with me till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native ftate.

What tho' thou have enough unworthineſs
To come unto great place as others do?
That 's much, emboldens, pulls, thruſts, I confeſs;
But 't is not all; thou ſhouldſt be wicked too.

And that thou canſt not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; go, ſince thou goeſt to her
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for ſhe
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'ſt to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long diſpute it, thou wilt die,
And having little now, have then no ſenſe.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made ſuch, to work more)
Doth touch thee, (ſapleſs leaf!) thou grow'ſt by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child miſ-ſpeak half-utter'd words,
Or becauſe Majeſty doth never fear
Ill or bold ſpeech, ſhe audience affords.

And then, cold ſpeechleſs wretch! thou dieſt again,
And wiſely; what diſcourſe is left for thee?
From ſpeech of ill and her thou muſt abſtain,
And is there any good which is not ſhe?

Yet may'ſt thou praiſe her ſervants, tho' not her,
And Wit, and Virtue, and Honour, her attend;
And ſince they're but her cloaths, thou ſhalt not err
If thou her ſhape, and beauty, and grace, commend.

Who knows thy deſtiny? when thou haſt done,
Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
A neſt almoſt as full of good as ſhe.

When thou art there, if any whom we know
Were ſav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When ſhe revolves his papers, mark what ſhow
Of favour ſhe alone to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, ſhe o'erſkip the reſt;
Mark if ſhe read them twice, or kiſs the name;
Mark if ſhe do the ſame that they proteſt;
Mark if ſhe mark whither her woman came:

Mark if ſlight things be' objected and o'erblown;
Mark if her oaths againſt him be not ſtill
Reſerv'd, and that ſhe grieve ſhe's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my ſpie,
Nor to make myſelf her familiar;
But ſo much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him that ſhall be lov'd of her.

TO E. OF D.

WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS.

SEE, Sir, how as the ſun's hot maſculine flame
Begets ſtrange creatures on Nile's dirty ſlime,
In me your fatherly yet luſty rhyme
(For theſe Songs are their fruits) have wrought the fame;
But tho' th' engend'ring force from whence they came
Be ſtrong enough, and Nature doth admit
Sev'n to be born at once, I ſend as yet
But ſix; they ſay the ſeventh hath ſtill ſome maim:
I chuſe your judgment, which the ſame degree
Doth with her ſiſter, your invention, hold,
As fire theſe droſſy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir to change them to gold.
You are that alchymiſt which always had
Wit, whoſe one ſpark could make good things of bad.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

SIR H. WOTTON AND MR. DONNE

IF her diſdain leaſt change in you can move,
You do not love;
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You ſell deſire.
Love is not love but given free;
And ſo is mine, ſo ſhould your's be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of others' moan,
To mine is ftone:
Her eyes, that weep a ftranger's eyes to fee,
Joy to wound me:
Yet I fo well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my fmart.

Say her difdainings juftly muft be grac'd
With name of chaft;
And that fhe frowns, left longing fhould exceed,
And raging breed;
So her difdains can ne'er offend,
Unlefs felf-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold difdain
Kills that again;
As water caufeth fire to fret and fume
Till all confume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's felf for Love's own fake?

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart
To have no part;
Nor roaft in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May fhew his patience, not his love.

A frown may be ſometimes for phyſic good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is ſure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never ſhould to publique tend?

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY

AND MRS. ESSEX RICHE,

FROM AMYENS.

MADAM,

Here, where by all all ſaints invoked are,
It were too much ſchiſm to be ſingular,
And 'gainſt a practice general to war.

Yet turning to ſaints, ſhould my humility
To other ſaint than you directed be,
That were to make my ſchiſm hereſie.

Nor would I be a convertite ſo cold
As not to tell it: if this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply ſold.

Where, becauſe faith is in too low degree,
I thought it ſome apoſtleſhip in me
To ſpeak things which by faith alone I ſee;

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown or ſpent;
They 're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not ſo
In their whole ſubſtance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at ſeaſons ſhow.

For when, thro' taſtleſs flat humility,
In dough-bak'd men ſome harmleſſneſs we ſee,
'Tis but his flegm that 's virtuous, and not he:

So is the blood ſometimes. Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a ſanguine-virtuous man.

So cloyſter'd men, who, in pretence of fear,
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual cholerique critiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, thro' this zeal, virtue but in their gall.

We 're thus but parcel gilt; to gold we 're grown,
When virtue is our ſoul's complexion;
Who knows his virtue's name or place hath none.

Virtue 's but aguiſh, when 't is ſeveral,
By occaſion wak'd and circumſtantial;
True virtue's ſoul always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
To your ſoul, found there no infirmity;
For your ſoul was as good virtue as ſhe.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is ſcarce leſs than ſoul, as ſhe could do,
And ſo hath made your beauty virtue too.

Hence comes it that your beauty wounds not hearts,
As others, with prophane and ſenſual darts,
But, as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if ſuch friends by th' honour of your ſight
Grow capable of this ſo great a light,
As to partake your virtues and their might,

What muſt I think that influence muſt do
Where it finds ſympathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty, of the ſame ſtuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy ſiſter; ſhe
Of whom, if what in this my ecſtaſie
And revelation of you both I ſee,

I ſhould write here, as in ſhort galleries
The maſter at the end large glaſſes ties,
So to preſent the room twice to our eyes;

So I ſhould give this letter length, and ſay
That which I ſaid of you: there is no way
From either, but to th' other not to ſtray.

May therefore this be' enough to teſtify
My true devotion, free from flattery.
He that believes himſelf doth never lie.

TO

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST, 1614.

Fair, great, and good! ſince ſeeing you we ſee
What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be;
Since now your beauty ſhines, now when the ſun,
Grown ſtale, is to ſo low a value run,
That his diſhevell'd beams and ſcatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tyres
In lovers' ſonnets; you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is wither'd, ſhrunk, and dry'd,
All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into ſand,
Where ev'ry man thinks by himſelf to ſtand,

Integrity, friendſhip, and confidence,
(Cements of greatneſs) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little ſhares,
Courts, city, church, are all ſhops of ſmall wares,
All having blown to ſparks their noble fire,
And drawn their ſound gold ingot into wyre;
All trying, by a love of littleneſs,
To make abridgments and to draw to leſs,
Even that nothing which at firſt we were:
Since in theſe times your greatneſs doth appear,
And that we learn by it that man to get
Towards him that 's infinite muſt firſt be great:
Since in an age ſo ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuſe, much leſs mend it,
(For who can judge or witneſs of thoſe times
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good is thought by all
A monſter, or at beſt phantaſtical:
Since now you durſt be good, and that I do
Diſcern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Thro' your light, largeneſs, virtue underſtood:
If in this ſacrifice of mine be ſhown
Any ſmall ſpark of theſe, call it your own;
And if things like theſe have been ſaid by me
Of others, call not that idolatry;
For had God made man firſt, and man had ſeen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,

He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay
Of thoſe fair creatures which were made that day;
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of ſun, moon, ſtars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay,
And not be chid for praiſing yeſterday:
So tho' ſome things are not together true,
As that another's worthieſt, and that you;
Yet to ſay ſo doth not condemn a man
If, when he ſpoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our ſoul grows?
We firſt have ſouls of growth and ſenſe; and thoſe,
When our laſt ſoul, our ſoul immortal, came,
Were ſwallow'd into it, and have no name:
Nor doth he injure thoſe ſouls, which doth caſt
The power and praiſe of both them on the laſt:
No more do I wrong any if I adore
The ſame things now which I ador'd before,
The ſubject chang'd, and meaſure. The ſame thing
In a low conſtable and in the king
I reverence, his power to work on me;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their walks to find their home:
And as I owe my firſt ſoul's thanks, that they
For my laſt ſoul did fit and mould my clay;
So am I debtor unto them whoſe worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth

This new great leſſon, thus to ſtudy you,
Which none, not reading others firſt, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, tho' I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave, do lie;
For as your fellow-angels, ſo you do
Illuſtrate them who come to ſtudy you.
The firſt whom we in hiſtories do find
To have profeſt all arts was one born blind;
He lackt thoſe eyes beaſts have as well as we,
Not thoſe by which angels are ſeen and ſee;
So, tho' I 'm born without thoſe eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none herſelf, doth give,
Which are fit means to ſee bright courts and you,
Yet may I ſee you thus as now I do;
I ſhall by that all goodneſs have diſcern'd,
And tho' I burn my library be learn'd.

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

Where is that holy fire which verſe is ſaid
To have? is that inchanting force decay'd?
Verſe, that draws Nature's works from Nature's law,
Thee, her beſt work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old poetique fire?
Why quench'd they not as well that of deſire?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty;

Only thine image in my heart doth ſit,
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence,
And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and ſenſe.
Dwells with me ſtill mine irkſome memory,
Which both to keep and loſe grieves equally.
That tells how fair thou art: thou art ſo fair
As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby, and to make blind men ſee
What things gods are, I ſay they 're like to thee:
For if we juſtly call each ſilly man
A little world, what ſhall we call thee then?
Thou art not ſoft, and clear, and ſtraight, and fair,
As downe, as ſtars, cedars, and lilies, are;
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao a while, but ſhall be never
As thou waſt, art, and, oh! may'ſt thou be ever!
Here lovers ſwear in their idolatry
That I am ſuch, but grief diſcolours me;
And yet I grieve the leſs, leſt grief remove
My beauty, and make m'unworthy of thy love.
Plays ſome ſoft boy with thee? oh! there wants yet
A mutual feeling which ſhould ſweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenneſs,
Doth threaten, and ſome daily change poſſeſs.
Thy body is a natural Paradiſe,
In whoſe ſelf, unmanur'd, all pleaſure lies,

Nor needs perfection; why ſhouldſt thou then
Admit the tillage of a harſh rough man?
Men leave behind them that which their ſin ſhows,
And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it ſnows;
But of our dalliance no more ſigns there are
Than fiſhes leave in ſtreams, or birds in air;
And between us all ſweetneſs may be had;
All, all that Nature yields, or Art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But ſo as thine from one another do:
And, oh! no more; the likeneſs being ſuch,
Why ſhould they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to ſtrange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why ſhould they breaſt to breaſt, or thighs to thighs?
Likeneſs begets ſuch ſtrange ſelf-flattery,
That touching myſelf all ſeems done to thee.
Myſelf I embrace, and mine own hands I kiſs,
And amorouſly thank myſelf for this.
Me in my glaſs I call thee; but, alas!
When I would kiſs, tears dim mine eyes and glaſs.
O! cure this loving madneſs, and reſtore
Me to me; thee my half, my all, my more:
So may thy cheek's red outwear ſcarlet dy,
And their white whiteneſs of the Galaxy:
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men love;
And ſo be change and ſickneſs far from thee,
As thou, by coming near, keep'ſt them from me.

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

JAN. 6. 1603.

THE ſtate and men's affairs are the beſt plays
Next your's: 't is not more nor leſs than due praiſe.
Write, but touch not the much-deſcending race
Of lords' houſes, ſo ſettled in worth's place,
As but themſelves none think them uſurpers;
It is no fault in thee to ſuffer theirs.
If the Queen maſque, or King a-hunting go,
Tho' all the court follow, let them. We know
Like them in goodneſs that court ne'er will be,
For that were virtue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thruſt out. It is but thus
God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
Judge of ſtrangers, truſt and believe your friend,
And ſo me; and when I true friendſhip end,
With guilty conſcience let me be worſe ſtung
Than with Popham's ſentence thieves, or Cook's tongue
Traitors are. Friends are ourſelves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and myſelf as counſel.
Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
Contemn learning, and all your ſtudies flout:
Let them ſcorn hell, they will a ſerjeant fear
More than we them, that ere long God may forbear,

But creditors will not. Let them increafe
In riot and excefs as their means ceafe:
Let them fcorn him that made them, and ftill fhun
His grace, but love the whore who hath undone
Them and their fouls. But that they that allow
But one God, fhould have religions enow
For the Queen's mafque, and their hufbands for more
Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
Well, let all pafs, and truft him who nor cracks
The bruifed reed, nor quencheth fmoaking flax.

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

9 NOVEMBRIS, 1603.

If great men wrong me I will fpare myfelf;
If mean, I will fpare them. I know the pelf
Which is ill got the owner doth upbraid:
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid
And a jury; but 't will revenge in this,
That tho' himfelf be judge he guilty is.
What care I tho' of weaknefs men tax me?
I'd rather fufferer than doer be:
That I did truft it was my nature's praife,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrafe.
That judgment is that furely can comprife
The world in precepts, moft happy and moft wife,
What tho' ? tho' lefs, yet fome of both have we
Who have learn'd it by ufe and mifery.

Poor I! whom every petty croſs doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
Am of this (tho' it ſhould ſink me) careleſs;
It would but force me t' a ſtricter goodneſs.
They have great gain of me who gain do win
(If ſuch gain be not loſs) from every ſin.
The ſtanding of great men's lives would afford
A pretty ſum, if God would ſell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
How unlike they are that they're likened to?
Yet I conclude they are amidſt my evils;
If good like gods; the naught are ſo like devils.

Amiciſſimo et meritiſſimo

BENJ. JOHNSON.

IN VOLPONEM.

Quod arte auſus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Conſulti veteres ſequi æmularierque,
O omnes ſaperemus ad ſalutem.
His ſed ſunt veteres araneoſi;
Tam nemo veterum eſt ſequutor, ut tu,
Illos quòd ſequeris, novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis pueritia eſt neganda;

Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis ingenium facit laborque
Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros:
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Qua priscos superamus et futuros.

TO SIR THO. ROWE, 1603.

DEAR TOM,

TELL her, if she to hired servants show
Dislike, before they take their leave they go;
When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
For who hath but one mind hath but one face.
If then why I take not my leave she ask,
Ask her again why she did not unmask?
Was she or proud or cruel? or knew she
It would make my loss more felt, and pity'd me?
Or did she fear one kiss might stay for moe?
Or else was she unwilling I should go?
I think the best, and love so faithfully,
I cannot chuse but think that she loves me.
If this prove not my faith, then let her try
How in her service I would fructify.
Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true;

Then he whoſe wit and verſe grows now ſo lame,
With ſongs to her will the wild Iriſh tame.
Howe'er, I'll wear the black and white ribband;
White for her fortunes, black for mine, ſhall ſtand.
I do eſteem her favour, not the ſtuff;
If what I have was given, I'ave enough,
And all's well; for had ſhe lov'd, I had not had
All my friends' hate; for now departing ſad
I feel not that: yet as the rack the gout
Cures, ſo hath this worſe grief that quite put out:
My firſt diſeaſe nought but that worſe cureth,
Which (I dare foreſay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late ſhe grieve ſhe lov'd me not.
  Burdened with this, I was to depart leſs
Willing than thoſe which die and not confeſs.

De Libro cum mutaretur, Impreſſo, Domi à pueris fruſtratim lacerato, et poſt reddito Manuſcripto.

Doctiſſimo Amiciſſimoque Viro D. D. ANDREWS.

PARTURIUNT madido quæ nixu præla, recepta;
Sed quæ ſcripta manu ſunt, veneranda magis.
Tranſiit in Sequanam Mœnus: victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo ſit præli ſanguine tinctus, abit,

Accedat calamo ſcriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat et veterum ſcrinia ſumma patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetuſtatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de ſemine natos
Hæc nova fata libro poſſe dediſſe novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipſe Pater Juvenem me dabit arte ſenem?
Hei miſeris ſenibus! nos vertit dura ſenectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi ſervaſti præſtandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viſo, et vivit, et juveneſcit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, et Cœlorum æmulâ amicitiâ.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iſte libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus antè fuit.

TO MR. TILMAN,

AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.

THOU, whoſe diviner ſoul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
Making lay-ſcornings of the miniſtry
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'ſt thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected ſince the vintage? doſt thou find
New thoughts and ſtirrings in thee? and, as ſteel
Toucht with a loadſtone, doſt new motions feel?

Or as a ſhip, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware?
Haſt thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with leſs time and pain?
Thou art the ſame materials as before,
Only the ſtamp is changed, but no more.
And as new-crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's ſubſtance, ſo hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation
To Chriſt's new ſtamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, becauſe
They bear God's meſſage, and proclaim his laws:
Since thou muſt do the like, and ſo muſt move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celeſtial love?
Dear! tell me where thy purchaſe lies, and ſhow
What thy advantage is above below:
But if thy gainings do ſurmount expreſſion,
Why doth the fooliſh world ſcorn that profeſſion
Whoſe joys paſs ſpeech? why do they think unfit
That gentry ſhould joyn families with it?
As if their day were only to be ſpent
In dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and compliment.
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whoſe truſt
Seems richly placed in ſublimed duſt!
(For ſuch are cloaths and beauty, which, tho' gay,
Are at the beſt but of ſublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling diſreſpect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.

What function is ſo noble as to be
Embaſſadour to God and Deſtiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities; to keep heav'n's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Chriſt; ſo
'Tis preachers' to convey him, for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits ſpeak,
And bleſs the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' aſtronomers, whereas they ſpy
A new-found ſtar, their opticks magnifie,
How brave are thoſe who with their engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
Theſe are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom muſt meet God's graces, men's offences;
And ſo the heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which theſe things doth bear,
Both theſe in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a bleſt hermaphrodite.

UPON

MR. THO. CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

Oh! to what height will love of greatneſs drive
Thy learned ſpirit, ſeſqui-ſuperlative?
Venice' vaſt lake thou haſt ſeen, and wouldſt ſeek then
Some vaſter thing, and foundſt a courtezan.
That inland ſea having diſcovered well
A cellar-gulf, where one might ſail to hell
From Heydelberg, thou long'ſt to ſee; and thou
This book, greater than all, produceſt now.
Infinite work! which doth ſo far extend,
That none can ſtudy it to any end.
'Tis no one thing; it is not fruit nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, becauſe he can
Reaſon and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modeſty was ſuch,
That thou on th' other half wouldſt never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique!
Not till thou' exceed the world? Canſt thou be like
A proſperous noſe-born wen, which ſometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother noſe?
Go, then; and as to thee, when thou didſt go,
Munſter did towns, and Geſner authors, ſhow;
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a ſtateſman as a garretteer.

Homely and familiarly, when thou com'ſt back,
Talk of Will. Conquerour and Preſter Jack.
Go, baſhful man! leſt here thou bluſh to look
Upon the progreſs of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies ſacrifices ſend;
The Weſt ſent gold, which thou didſt freely ſpend,
Meaning to ſee 't no more upon the preſs;
The Eaſt ſends hither her deliciouſneſs;
And thy leaves muſt embrace what comes from hence,
The myrrhe, the pepper, and the frankincenſe.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they ſtoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey theſe wares in parcels unto men;
If for vaſt tuns of currants and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatique twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces ſubdivide.
If they ſtoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures to thick popular fairs;
If omni-pregnant there, upon warm ſtalls
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,
Then thus thy leaves we juſtly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,
A pandect mak'ſt and univerſal book.
The braveſt heroes for their countrey's good,
Scatter'd in diverſe lands their limbs and blood;

Worſt malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces for a lord
Which caſts at Porteſcue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to paſs time and keep company.
Can all carouſe up thee? no, thou muſt fit
Meaſures, and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some ſhall wrap pills, and ſave a friend's life ſo;
Some ſhall ſtop muſkets, and ſo kill a foe.
Thou ſhalt not eaſe the criticks of next age
So much, as once their hunger to aſſwage;
Nor ſhall wit-pirats hope to find thee lye
All in one bottom in one library.
Some leaves may paſte ſtrings there in other books,
And ſo one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas! a little wit from you,
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As Sibyl's was, your book is myſtical,
For every piece is as much worth as all:
Therefore mine impotency I confeſs,
The healths which my brain bears muſt be far leſs:
Thy gyant-wit o'erthrows me; I am gone;
And rather than read all I would read none.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

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